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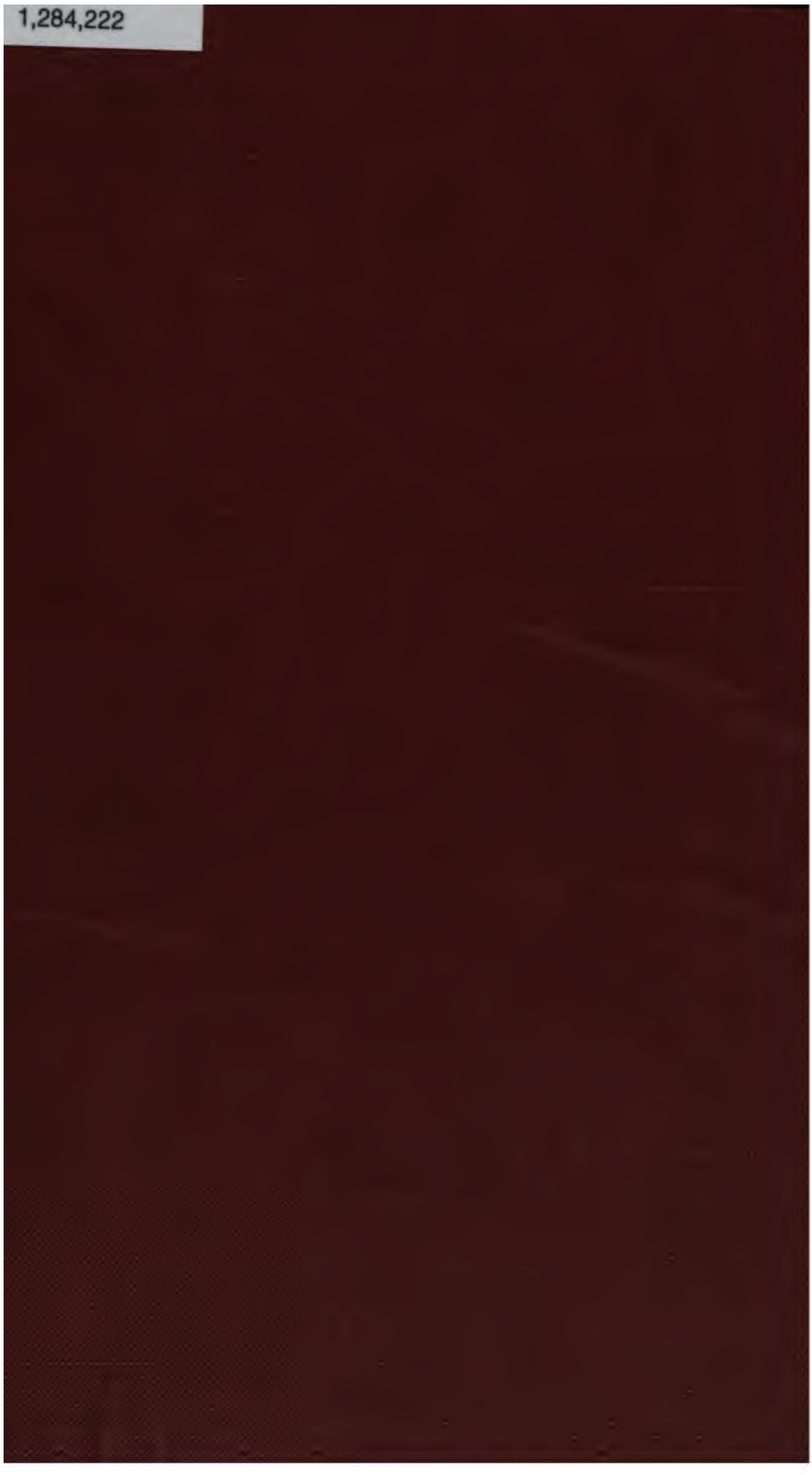

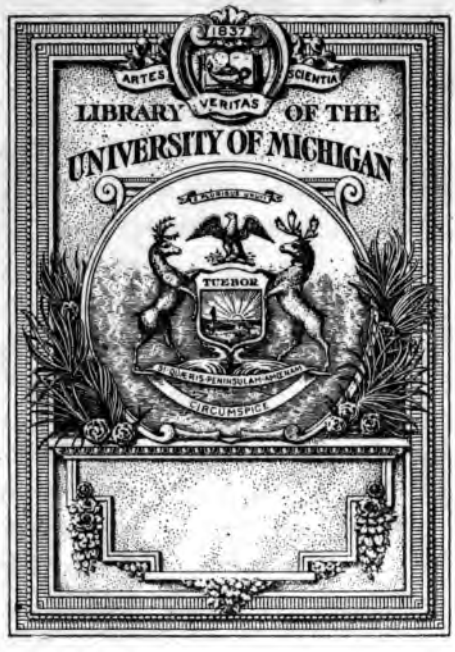
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MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES

MORALE
AND ITS ENEMIES

BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING
Author of "Human Nature and Its Remaking," etc.

NEW HAVEN
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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TO THE YOUNG OFFICERS
OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
WHO AS CHIEF BUILDERS OF THE MORALE
OF A GREAT ARMY DO MUCH TO SHAPE
THAT OF THE NATION FOR YEARS TO COME

336096

PREFACE

WAR carries the minds as well as the bodies of men into strange paths, and so creates an unwonted need for self-understanding. At the same time, the power and the leisure for self-understanding are diminished. Men, as well as nations, must choose their part quickly, discern their friends and their enemies, revise all plans, leap to strange tasks at the call of the moment, though all the questions of politics and of metaphysics are involved in the deed. And while the decision reached may reveal the solvency or insolvency of the soul that issues it, the need to bring together the fragments of one's mental life remains, and will remain for long after the war is past.

This book is an attempt to help—the soldier first, and also the civilian—in this task of understanding one's own mind, under the special stresses of war. There must be many such attempts, from different angles of experience: one can only contribute from his own angle, that of the student of human nature and of philosophy, aided by certain special opportunities which I owe to the courtesy of the Foreign Offices of Great Britain and France.

The summer of 1917 I spent in Europe. On the evening of the eighth of August, four of us, under conduct of the British War Office, climbed out of Boulogne in army motors, and made our way across

the country-side of Pas de Calais, through villages black as the night itself, except for a stealthy chink of light here and there in the crack of a window, past trains of loaded lorries, detachments of soldiers and workmen, toward the front. At one high point of the road with a clearing toward the north and east we saw the night sky broken by sudden flares and dangling signal-lights faint in the distance: there was the cockpit; there the man-power of great nations was straining in mud and rain against all the devices the brain of a cunning enemy could bring to crush its life and spirit and endurance. The will-to-live of the nations was in those tortured bodies. If there were any super-men in the world during the first years of the war, they were not among those who went out confident in all the freight of German war-lore and munitions, but among those who withstood them.

During the days that followed, we were with these men, in the billets, in the trenches at Croisilles, at training camp, at hospital. From Kemmel Hill, we followed as best we could, their deadly labors on the earth and in the air, in the region of "Wipers," Westhoek, and Messines. Later on, with another group, we met poilus of France, 'at home,' if you like, in their own war zone, in the devastated regions about Chauny, in the active sectors about Soissons and the Chemin des Dames. They were all men without visible haloes,—for the most part tired, determined, matter-of-fact men, unconscious of either greatness or special virtue other than that of having chosen, in a mortal crisis, as men must.

Through these and other experiences one is put on his guard against one illusion that besets the reading of the mind of war, the inglorious exterior of its often glorious inner life. It is not alone the case that in war the pendulum of experience swings between wide, even wild, extremes; but that the realism and the idealism of the event jostle and seem to belie one another. In the descriptive literature of the war we have vivid human documents for the one and the other side of the picture; the true picture must include them both, and interpret them.

The idealism of war tends to concentrate about the notion of "morale," a highly practical and specific virtue for the purposes of war. What morale means, the invisible force behind war-making, became an almost tangible fact at the front; and hardly less so in the regions back of the front, in the towns and villages, which had borne a load of suffering, anxiety, and loss such as we in America know nothing about.

Morale is the practical virtue of the will to war. But if we know how to build the morale of the nation and the army for war purposes, we shall have a spiritual asset lasting well into the times after the war. The *esprit de corps* which war requires, and helps to bring about, need not be evanescent. The military virtues have traditionally stood by themselves, as distinct from the qualities needed in times of peace; my belief is that this is a short-sighted conception, even from the military point of view, and that our new armies made on a different principle will demonstrate that fact.

And there is a wider element in the psyche of this war which must not be evanescent, and cannot be: I mean the international *esprit de corps* which has been created among the members of the Allied arms including their junior associate, the discoveries of people by people, brought about by the forced mental excursions of war.

There have been critics of England among us, and critics of France; but no one who had fairly known the England or the France that bore the brunt of the war could have continued to hold these feelings dominant. England is inwardly the most diverse of all nations: it is not identical with any single party or government; judged by the acts and opinions of fragments here and there, or of Parliaments or of cabinets, it is not faultless,—and I know of no nation that is. But the phrases, "the heart of England," or "the soul of France," are not empty phrases: it is by the quality of its persistent national purposes that a people is to be judged.

There are traits in the England of John Bull and Tory tradition, just as there are in the America of dollar-worshipping tradition, which have few lovers in the world, and deserve few. But this is not America; nor are these England. There is a considerate and liberal England, an England that sweareth to its own hurt and changeth not, a chivalrous England, a nobly generous England, eager to give in all ways more than due credit to its associates and neighbors. These are the real England. Let me quote here a few words from a letter that came to me recently:

"And before anything else, I must express to you

my intense thankfulness for the wonderful support and defence which your great country has offered to the allied cause and to England. The last week of March was very anxious; I hardly knew at the time, how anxious. I don't say we might not have pulled through unaided, but the certainty and rapidity of the relief were unquestionably due to you. I do not ignore the universality of your motive—to do right . . . but still, the greater involves the less, and we do owe you a debt which you could not realize, without having shared those black weeks with us. What you did will never be forgotten while England is a people.

"By comparison it is a minor matter, and almost humorous after my writing to you last year about our self denial, that my having had plenty of wheat bread this last six months is due, I gather, to your having denied it to yourself. The whole thing is wonderful, and I should think, unprecedented in the world's history."

Think of these as words on the lips of England, and think of what England, her provinces, and her allies, have sacrificed in this cause which from the first was ours. What have we done that we should not proudly have done again and again? Let it stand as a unique fact, if it is such; but only as beginnings are unique. Let it, together with the spirit that answers it, put an end forever to the superstition that nations, as corporate entities, are debarred from the expressions of good-will and gratitude that cement the bonds between man and man.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING.

New York City, November 6, 1918.

NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Some of the substance of this book has already been presented in the form of lectures to the Training Corps at Williams College in the winter of 1917, and as the Bromley Lectures at Yale in the spring of 1918. I also presented for preliminary criticism by the service a set of psychological theses in The Infantry Journal for April, 1918; in the second part of this book I have profited by the comment that has come to me. Three of the chapters have appeared in approximately their present form: the first and second in The Atlantic Monthly current, the fifteenth in the Yale Review for July 1918.

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PART I
FOUNDATIONS OF MORALE

MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES

CHAPTER I

WHY MORALE COUNTS, AND HOW MUCH

War is no doubt the least human of human relationships. It can begin only when persuasion ends, when arguments fitted to move minds are replaced by the blasting-powder fitted to move rocks and hills. It means that one at least of the national wills concerned has deliberately set aside its human quality,—as only a human will can do,—and has made of itself just such a material obstruction or menace. Hence war seems, and is often called, a contest of brute forces. Certainly, it is the extremest physical effort men make, every resource of vast populations bent to increase the sum of power at the front, where the two lines writhe like wrestlers laboring for the final fall.

Yet it is seldom physical force that decides a long war. For war summons skill against skill, head against head, staying-power against staying-power, as well as numbers and machines against machines and numbers. When an engine "exerts itself" it spends more power, eats more fuel, but uses no nerve: when a man exerts himself, he must bend his will to it. The extremer the physical effort, the

greater the strain on the inner or moral powers. Hence the paradox of war: just because it calls for the maximum material performance, it calls out a maximum of moral resource. As long as guns and bayonets have men behind them, the quality of the men, the quality of their minds and wills, must be counted with the power of the weapons.

And as long as men fight in nations and armies, that subtle but mighty influence that passes from man to man, the temper and spirit of the group, must be counted with the quality of the individual citizen and soldier. Every racial group, every army corps, every regiment, has its own distinctive mentality with which it endows its members, and for which it becomes reputed. And every commander accordingly seeks to know not alone what numbers are against him, but *who they are.* In a paper just now before me I see these words:

"On one occasion prior to an attack, an intelligence officer whose duty it was to interrogate prisoners gleefully remarked to me: 'I've had very good news; the regiments in front of our new line are Saxons and Bavarians.' These soldiers admittedly do not fight as well as the Prussians."

And in another paragraph:

"It was said of a certain foreign contingent whom a Hun officer had captured that he sent them back to their own line with the remark, 'We can take you again at any time; we have enough mouths to feed already,'—so little did he think of their fighting qualities."

The story need not be taken as history; yet it is hardly too extreme.

And as we have seen in the case of our own troops, every group of soldiers is an unknown quantity until it has been tried out. We had no doubt that American soldiers would acquit themselves well; but who is there that did not follow the early reports with a tense interest to know *how* well? What could the great business-loving republic do toward producing a fighting morale?—that was the question. We were aware that mentality as well as armament is a factor in warfare.

But how much does this intangible, psychological factor count? Napoleon in his day reckoned it high: "In war, the moral is to the physical as three to one." But things have changed since Napoleon's day. Then there was still a personal element in the encounter of battle; there was still some truth in the Roman maxim, "In battle it is the eyes that are first conquered." Now one may spend weeks of fighting and never seen an enemy—much less seen the soul driven from his eyes. Yet there are reasons for believing that the moral factor is not less important to-day than heretofore. For consider:

1. It is still the hand-to-hand fighting, especially the bayonet work, that constitutes the last argument of every engagement.

"Down the ages, from the prehistoric spearman, through the times of the Macedonian phalanx,

the pikeman, and the halberdier, on to the present day, the spear has been the deciding factor of many battles. And what is the bayonet but the spear of ancient days? At the final stage, the battle of to-day is as the battle of long ago: only the preliminaries are different. And of what use the best artillery preparation, of what avail the fire-supremacy of the finest troops, if the bayonet does not follow them up to make good the advantage they have gained?"*

2. The quality of combat is none the less personal because one cannot see the opponent. The human face is but an organ of expression which we have to learn to read; and any physical thing that can show shades of temper is capable of being read like a face. Thus one learns to read firing as one learns to know the calibers of shells by their whine. There is desultory firing, determined firing, enraged firing, nervous firing, timid firing, and many another variety. In this and a hundred other ways, battle always has its face, whether or not it is a human face; and experienced men feel as directly when that opposing eye is conquering or being conquered.

3. Perhaps because of the longer intervals of waiting and tension, the spirit of the various units seems sensitive as never before to a thousand shades of feeling, sensitive as a stock-market to the rise and fall of confidence and good-will. Every token from outside, especially the orders and their bearers, are

*Lieut. Col. Paul H. McCook, in *The Infantry Journal*, April, 1918, page 780.

scanned, perhaps subconsciously, for the straws that show what wind is blowing. If the officer's stout words come from an apprehensive mind, he will hardly conceal the fact; and what is outwardly accepted will leave an emptiness, like his own, in the hearts of his hearers. The fighting spirit, farther from pure instinct than in former days, is by so much more canny, sensitive, and shrewd.

4. The strains of war on nerve and courage are not less but more severe than in previous wars. To take but a single indication, the prevalence of "shell-shock" means not that human quality has declined, but that it can deliberately expose itself to more inhuman and longer suffering than men have ever before in large numbers been called on to endure.

5. And in one way at least these mental factors are far more weighty than in Napoleon's day. For behind the army lies the nation; and the whole unwieldy mass, army and nation, is much more a mental unit than in any previous war, each dependent on the courage and good-will of the other. When armies were smaller, it was not so serious a matter if any portion of the civil population were disaffected. But now, communication is prompt; and the communication of temper is far prompter than the communication of fact. It is not beyond credence that a strike of coal-workers in Pennsylvania might on the next day lose a battle in Flanders. Men in the field are able to know vastly more of the fortunes of their families than ever before

in war; and perhaps for this reason the minor troubles and joys of civilian life loom larger on the firing-line. The entire population behind the fighters becomes a part of the fighting state of mind; and all shades of depression and elation pass with the speed of wireless messages from center to fighting frontier, and back again.

In no war, I judge, has the human quality counted for so much:—the endurance, the initiative, the power of sacrifice, the loyalty, the ability to subordinate personal interest and pride, the power of taking the measure of the event, of discounting the unfavorable turn, of responding to frightfulness with redoubled resolution rather than with fear, of appreciating the real emergency and rising instantly to meet it. It is these qualities of mind and character which in the ensemble go by the name of "morale"; and it is these qualities that hold the balance of power in war.

For war, completely seen, is no mere collision of physical forces: it is a collision of will against will. It is, after all, the mind and will of a nation—a thing intangible and invisible—that assembles the materials of war, the fighting forces, the ordnance, the whole physical array. It is this invisible thing that wages the war; it is this same invisible thing that on one side or other must admit the finish and so end it. As things are now, it is the element of "morale" that controls the outcome.

I say, as things are now; for it is certainly not true as a rule of history that will-power is enough to win a war, even when supported by high fighting spirit, brains, and a good conscience. Belgium had all this, and yet was bound to fall before Germany had she stood alone. Her spirit worked miracles at Liège, delayed by ten days the marching program of the German armies, and thereby saved—perhaps Paris, perhaps Europe. But the day was saved because the issue raised in Serbia and in Belgium drew to their side material support until their forces could compare with the physical advantages of the enemy. Morale wins, not by itself, but *by turning scales:* it has a value like the power of a minority or of a mobile reserve. It adds to one side or the other the last ounce of force which is to its opponent the last straw that breaks its back.

Differences in morale, however, are cumulative. Psychologically, as applied to armies, there is an obvious rough truth in the adage that nothing succeeds like success. Depression, on the other hand, relaxes the grip, and so begets failure and further depression;—fear reduces control and tends to grow toward panic. Where such gigantic numbers are engaged it is more nearly true than ever that an army which does not know itself beaten is not beaten: a decisive victory in the field will probably be preceded by a victory over morale. A general crumbling of confidence among the vanquished will usher in the *débâcle.*

I do not wish to convey the impression that the advantages in morale are all on our side. Morale is not identical with the morals of the case. Confidence, determination, endurance, and discipline may exist in a perfectly bad cause: for four years all these qualities were present in the Austro-German command. The professional status of their armies, their knowledge of their own power, their early successes in carrying the fighting into the countries of their victims,—all these were heavy assets, mental assets, whose value has not wholly vanished. The officers of the British and American armies, taken in the large, are relatively new to their work: for some time they must be reckoned in the amateur class in comparison with the long-trained minds and bodies of the enemy. And this is a circumstance which makes itself felt all the way to the rank and file: for ability to rely on the experience as well as the sagacity of the officer is one of the prime elements in the morale of private soldiers. We have advantages of our own; we need not belittle those of the enemy.

The building-materials of morale must be taken from the general qualities of the will of a people,—its virility, its integrity, its spiritedness, its endurance; and among these qualities justice is not least in weight. But given the materials, morale itself—a virtue for the occasion—*requires building:* it cannot be simply distilled from the atmosphere.

We see, then, why it is that after providing for

the number of fighters and their equipment there still remains a great question, How much fight is there in each one and in the mass? And we see that there are always two ways to increase our fighting strength: by increasing the number of our units, or by increasing the fighting power of each unit. Whatever could double the morale of a million men,—if that were possible,—would add the equivalent of a million such men to the force.

And the thing is not impossible. For the amount of fight per man can vary through a far wider range than the Napoleonic ratio of three to one. This is true even of the minor ups and downs of the daily rhythm. Ten men at their top notch of condition might easily handle a hundred similar men at their ebb of hunger, pain, and fatigue. And there are other variable elements that count quite as much, such as buoyancy and humor. Humor is a symptom of margin: a man who has it can do more than fight when he is fighting,—he can look about and find a trick to spring, with the result that we have sergeants who with a handful of men bring in a battalion of prisoners. Or he can make the passing misery dwindle in magnitude for an entire company, as with the Irish corporal in the Philippines, who, as General Shanks narrates, after a hot day's marching and a loss of the trail, was sent to the top of a ridge to reconnoitre. When a comrade called up, "I say, Shorty, is this the last hill?" he

shouted back, "Yes, the last hill it is:—the next one is a mountain."*

*The following episode of the great retreat in the Fall of 1914 is one of a thousand instances of a trait of the British Tommy with which the war has made us familiar,—he is never quite "all in" so long as it is possible to find a comical angle in the situation, or rather, a comical route to its underlying philosophy:

Major Tom Bridges, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, had been sent into St. Quentin on Friday afternoon to see if more stragglers could be found. In the square near the Mairie he found a couple of hundred or more men of various detachments, who were seated on the pavement in complete exhaustion and utter resignation to what appeared their inability to rejoin the army which had retreated far to the southward. . . . Bridges needed but a moment to see how far gone they were, how utterly and hopelessly fatigued. No peremptory order, no gentle request, no clever cajolery would suffice. With most of them the power to move seemed to themselves to have gone with ceaseless tramping without food or sleep for the thirty-six hours past.

A brilliant idea came to the big genial major. Entering a toy shop he bought a toy drum and a penny whistle. He strapped the little drum to his belt.

"Can you play 'The British Grenadiers'?" he asked his trumpeter.

"Sure, sir," was the reply.

In a twinkling the pair were marching round the square, the high treble of the tiny toy whistle rising clear and shrill:

But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row,
With a tow, row, row,
To the British Grenadiers.

Round they came, the trumpeter, caught on the wings of the Major's enthusiasm, putting his very heart and soul into every inspiring note. Bridges, supplying the comic relief with the small sticks in his big hands, banged away on the drum like mad.

They reached the recumbent group. They passed its tired length. Now they came to the last man. Will they feel the spirit of the straining notes, rich with the tradition of the grand old air? Will they catch the spirit of the big-hearted Major, who knows so well just how the poor lads feel, and seeks that spot of humour in Tommy's make-up that has so often proved his very salvation?

The spark has caught! Some with tears in their eyes, some with a roar of laughter, jump to their feet and fall in. Stiffened limbs answer to call of newly awakened wills. "With a tow, row, row, to the British Grenadiers." They are singing it now, as they file in long column down the street after the big form hammering the toy drum, and his panting trumpeter.

"Go on, Colonel. We'll follow you to hell," sings out a brawny Irishman behind, who can just hobble along on his torn feet.

Never a man of all the lot was left behind.—Frederic Coleman, *From Mons to Ypres*, page 65.

But beneath these minor variations are the fundamental differences in the set of the will, the long-time qualities that make the tenacious and undefeatable fighting man or the reverse.

The most important distinction affecting morale among our people, in or out of the army, is not that between the loyal and disloyal, but that between the whole-hearted and the half-hearted or three-quarters-hearted,—those who are in the war, but with reservations conscious or unconscious, with insufficient, cloudy, dazed, or socially-fabricated motive power, not enough to carry them well over the threshold into the new and harsher outlook on their own fortunes and personalities that war requires, somewhere shrinking and unreconciled,—in brief, with inadequate foundation for the lasting elements of morale. It is this foundation that we have especial need to understand.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS A GOOD MORALE?

PERHAPS the simplest way of explaining the meaning of morale is to say that what "condition" is to the athlete's body, morale is to the mind. Morale is condition; good morale is good condition of the inner man: it is the state of will in which you can get most from the machinery, deliver blows with the greatest effect, take blows with the least depression, and hold out for the longest time. It is both fighting-power and staying-power and strength to resist the mental infections which fear, discouragement, and fatigue bring with them, such as eagerness for any kind of peace if only it gives momentary relief, or the irritability that sees large the defects in one's own side until they seem more important than the need of defeating the enemy. And it is the perpetual ability to come back.

From this it follows that good morale is not the same as good spirits or enthusiasm. It is anything but the cheerful optimism of early morning, or the tendency to be jubilant at every victory. It has nothing in common with the emotionalism dwelt on by psychologists of the "crowd." It is hardly to be discovered in the early stages of war. Its most

searching test is found in the question, How does war-weariness affect you?

No one going from America to Europe in the last year could fail to notice the wide difference between the mind of nations long at war and that of a nation just entering. Over there, "crowd psychology" had spent itself. There was little flag-waving; the common purveyors of music were not everywhere playing (or allowed to play) the national airs. If in some Parisian cinema the Marseillaise was given, nobody stood or sang. The reports of atrocities roused little visible anger or even talk,—they were taken for granted. In short, the simpler emotions had been worn out,—or rather, had resolved themselves into clear connections between knowledge and action. The people had found the mental gait that can be held indefinitely. Even a great advance finds them on their guard against too much joy. As the news from the second victory of the Marne begins to come in, we find this despatch:

"Paris refrains from exultation."

And in the trenches the same is true in even greater degree. All the bravado and illusion of war are gone, also all the nervous revulsion; and in their places a grimly reliable resource of energy held in instant, almost mechanical readiness to do what is necessary. The hazards which it is useless to speculate about, the miseries, delays, tediums, casualties, have lost their exclamatory value and have fallen into the sullen routine of the day's work. Here it is

that morale begins to show in its more vital dimensions. Here the substantial differences between man and man, and between side and side, begin to appear as they can never appear in training camp.

Fitness and readiness to act, the positive element in morale, is a matter not of good and bad alone, but of degree. Persistence, courage, energy, initiative, may vary from zero upward without limit. Perhaps the most important dividing line—one that has already shown itself at various critical points—is that between the willingness to defend and the willingness to attack, between the defensive and the aggressive mentality. It is the difference between docility and enterprise, between a faith at second hand dependent on neighbor or leader, and a faith at first hand capable of assuming for itself the position of leadership.

In any large group of men there is bound to be a certain amount of psychological "filling," i. e., minds that go on momentum and suggestion rather than on conviction of their own. There are men who find themselves in the army through a series of events of which they have had no control, and who go on because they cannot go back. In all armies of the old régime much depended on this principle: "Get men into it anyhow, circumstances will keep them there, and self-preservative impulses will make them fight." There is a degree of human nature in this: men can be counted on to exert themselves mightily to get out of a mortal scrape, no

matter what got them into it. But such spirit is visibly poor stuff to make war with, liable to panic, unable to replace lost leaders, wholly undemocratic in principle, and the less of it we have in either army or nation, the better. The morale that counts is the morale that would make war of itself alone and therefore tugs at the leash.

But readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important as readiness to act, and oftentimes it is a harder virtue. Patience, especially under conditions of ignorance of what may be brewing, is a torment for active and critical minds such as this people is made of. Yet impetuosity, exceeding of orders, unwillingness to retreat when the general situation demands it, are signs not of good morale but the reverse. They are signs that one's heart cannot be kept up except by the flattering stimulus of always going forward,—a state of mind that may cause a commanding officer serious embarrassment, even to making impossible decisive strokes of strategy.*

The quality of morale is not capable of being tested by the methods of the psychological laboratory. There are many mental tests which can be

*During the retreat to the Marne in the Fall of 1914, it was necessary that all parts of the line should move back together. It would have played well into the German plan for any fragment of the line to hold a local advantage, lose contact with units on its flank, and so make an opportunity of the sort which was later used so brilliantly against themselves. The feeling of British soldiers here and there toward the necessity of retreat is thus described by Wilson McNair:

"How our men hated this retreating! Again and again I heard from their lips angry and amazed comments upon the action of their leaders. The men seemed to feel that they had a special grievance

used, and are used, to distinguish the promising soldier from the unpromising, but the critical elements of morale elude them. The difference between one man and another is largely a difference in staying-power: *staying-power* cannot be tested in the laboratory, except in minor ways. The whole outcome of a battle or of a campaign may depend on what a few men will do when their "backs are to the wall": but the situation of *being at bay* cannot be reproduced in the testing-room in any serious way. Still more elusive is the power men have of taking fire under the influence of strong leaders: any man's worth may be multiplied tenfold under the magic of great leadership. But no investigation of the solitary human being under the highly uninspiring environment of the testing-room could detect the degree of his *kindling capacity.*

Yet the quality of morale is something that can be instantly felt by anyone who knows its signs, large and small. How does a platoon react to an extra detail, or a battalion to an unexplained delay in relief? How does a people respond to the hundred exceptional demands of war time? Their temper may be seen in the speed of volunteering, in the way they accept the harder requirement—the draft, in the taking of bonds and the payment of

against leaders who, each time they 'won a battle' ordered them to run away. But with characteristic *esprit de corps* they blamed the French commanders rather than their own. It was a French idea, this retreating, they said, and it was a d—d bad idea. Their opinion of the French commanders went down to zero during those days, even as it was to leap up again in the great days after the battle of the Marne."—*Blood and Iron*, page 194.

extra taxes, in the result of appeals for voluntary self-restraint in small comforts, in the disposition to overcome internal disagreements, in the sale of news, the attitude toward hindrances in the path of war work, the pressure for results upon the men in office, and not least in significance, the clear-headed fairness of judgment toward these men, and the readiness to make allowances for mistake in situations where no human foresight can wholly avoid error.

But there are slighter signs that tell as large a story. They are the signs of sentiment, or the kind of response that is made to an occasion when the sources of feeling are tapped. That was a shrewd method of the German agents in Alsace who, to test the loyalty of doubtful citizens during the early months of the war, went about asking them what they thought of the "glorious victories." Enthusiasm or the want of it might tell the tale that prudent lips kept concealed. The moments of the expression of sentiment are the most vulnerable moments for any leader. They either carry or alienate the people, and if the morale is at low ebb it is at these points that disturbance is most likely to take place, just as the unpopular actor is in most danger of being hooted at the moment of his would-be-affecting passage. Of the temper of Russia, we are told that "The Bolshevists no longer dare to arrange demonstrations of their own." In some of the invaded districts, the German officers exact

salutes from the men,—and also from the women:* it has been reported that they exact also that these salutes shall be given with deference and alacrity. Why with "deference and alacrity"? Because these are the signs of morale. The spirit speaks more in the manner of the salute than in the fact; and these officers seem to believe that in commanding the manner they succeed in some violent way in forcing the soul. And no doubt they succeed in torturing the soul in that way, because in any act done under command the manner of doing it is the natural refuge of freedom. Morale is seen in the spirit which is put into obedience, the evident free will with which one adds the touch of briskness and grace to what is required of him.

In this way, even the rigidity of army life may become the frame for the visible liberty of freedom-loving men. However far the orders go, there is always the last touch that cannot be commanded, but can only be given. All the difference between effective and ineffective war-making lies in the suc-

*From a proclamation of September 8, 1914, at Grivegnée, Belgium:

I must insist that all civilians who move about in my district, particularly those of Beyne-Hensay, Fléron, Bois de Breux, and Grivegnée, show their respect to the German officers by taking off their hats, or lifting their hands to their heads in military salute.

In case of doubt, every German soldier must be saluted. Any one who disregards this must expect the military to make themselves respected by any means.

(Signed) DIECKMANN.

The same principle is implied in a verdict at Bruges reported by Mr. Walter Duranty, October 21, 1918: "One English woman was fined 300 marks or a week's imprisonment for 'wearing an anti-German expression in the official Bureau,' the very words of the condemnation notice."

cess of government or command in enlisting this free contribution of the man to his defined duty.

But perhaps the best indication of a good morale is the liberty felt by officials of all grades to tell the truth, both as to the difficulties of the task ahead, and as to the failures that attend its course.

When we see the high command of Germany referring to a Marne retreat as the taking of "new positions," we can read under the ambiguous accuracy of the phrase a fear of their own public morale. Statesmen of other lands have been known to modify what they felt to be a bitter dose; and usually it has been the morale of the statesman rather than that of the public which has been at fault. Prudent statesmen and censors might learn much from the fact that when the news of the disaster to the British fifth army on the days succeeding March 21st (1918) began to roll in, recruiting both in England and in Canada took a sudden upward leap. The human mind, always apprehensive and trying to decipher the future, doubly so in time of great contingency such as war brings, is chiefly fearful of being protected from the truth.

For the tempering of the truth is the first sign of an attempt to manipulate morale from the exterior; and whatever is recognized as having this aim immediately, and by that fact, becomes suspect. Any agency professing to assist morale, any occasion gotten up for the sake of rallying a shaken or sleepy morale, will partially (I do not say wholly)

defeat its own purpose. It establishes at once a state of guard and scrutiny on the part of its intended beneficiaries. For as a state of the will of free men, morale can only be evolved by the man himself, his own reaction to his own data. It has been the fundamental error of Germany to suppose that the soul can be controlled by scientific management.

In fact, the better the morale, the more profound its mystery from the utilitarian angle of judgment. There is something miraculous in the power of a bald and unhesitating announcement of reverse to steel the temper of men attuned to making sacrifices and to meeting emergencies. No one can touch the deepest moral resources of an army or nation who does not know the fairly regal exaltation with which it is possible for men to face an issue—*if they believe in it.* There are times when men seem to have an appetite for suffering, when—to judge from their own demeanor— the best bait fortune could offer them is the chance to face death or to bear an inhuman load. This state of mind does not exist of itself: it is morale at its best, and it appears only when the occasion strikes a nerve which arouses the super-earthly vistas of human consciousness or subconsciousness. But it commonly appears at the summons of a leader who himself welcomes the challenge of the task he sets before his followers. It is the magic of King Alfred in his appeal to his chiefs to do battle with the

Danes, when all that he could hold out to them was the prospect of his own vision,—

> "This—that the sky grows darker yet
> And the sea rises higher."

Morale, for all the greater purposes of war, is a state of faith; and its logic will be the superb and elusive logic of human faith. It is for this reason that morale, while not identical with the righteousness of the cause, can never reach its height unless the aim of the war can be held intact in the undissembled moral sense of the people. This is one of the provisions in the deeper order of things for the slow predominance of the better brands of justice.

CHAPTER III

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MORALE,—INSTINCTS AND FEELINGS

THE call to war strikes straight for the deeper reservoirs of active energy, sets every nerve agog, and summons up a response greater than we can bring to ordinary tasks. It is charged with premonition, and yet strangely also with reminiscence, as if the fire of warriors long dead were once more burning in our common and sluggish veins. However much the rational and kindly part of us abhors war, something in us welcomes it: for nature has not left us unfitted for the ardors of combat and radical adventure. Whatever it brings, war always brings "The Day,"—the day never planned, yet never dropped from subconscious hope,—the great occasion to which we may give ourselves soul and body, without reserve. In the universal unsettlement all things have become possible; half the work of overcoming the dull resistance to change is done for us by the event; the world has suddenly become vastly worth living in. In every heart still possessed of youth, war calls out a resonant and fathomless "I can." And the aged, called on to take up again the work of their vigorous years, find themselves, almost beyond belief, able.

All this, however sobered by second thought, means that the occasion of war excites instincts deep-laid in human nature. Even in common anger, one may find himself trembling under the pulses of an inward engine whose presence he hardly guessed: the spring of the fighting-instinct has been touched. But the anger of a nation called to war is no common anger. The fighting-instinct is coupled with another, the instinct of the herd. A new and far-flung fraternity is in the air: for there is the haunting knowledge that the herd is in motion, is attacking or being attacked,—and if attacking, then being attacked,—in any case, then, in danger. To know that is enough. The neighbor is no longer the indifferent mortal he was yesterday: he belongs with us to the tribe, the nation. "The nation"?—the word has changed its meaning, and instead of calling to mind a dullish governmental agency, source of mixed good and evil and regarded accordingly, it now evokes a vague but glorious image, object of an unwonted, generous, protective pride. Because of "her," that primitive sense of allegiance springing from the instinct of the herd takes the finer form of what men call patriotism; and many a man's superficial rationality has been taken by surprise at the depth of its hold upon him.

This tribal sense, identical in both soldier and civilian, makes the permanent background of feeling much the same in both, though the active killing deed, and the physical fighting rage that go

with it, come to the soldier only. When the civilian says "We must fight on," the full stretch of his thought reaches the soldier and means, "You must kill on." And when the soldier says, "We are attacking to-morrow," his thought sweeps into its dim borders the homes and workshops of a nation and means, "America is attacking to-morrow."

All the experiences of war are governed by this curious and immense extension of personality. Hence the durable pugnacity of war is seldom explosive like that of common anger: it has a sterner and weightier as well as a longer task; its set is deeper and its breathing more deliberate. Even our instincts are aware that war is a relation not between persons but between States. They are little confused by the fact—sometimes, as in Tolstoi's case, disturbing to reflection—that the men engaged in killing one another are not personal foes. The fighting-instinct understands that it is in the service of the social instinct. And not uncommonly the feeling of crowd-loyalty, together with the equally instinctive love of adventure, quite submerge the sense of hostility or resentment.

However, a sound and lasting morale cannot exist unless both soldier and citizen feel that the action of the enemy touches them individually, no matter through how many intermediate links. "Tell that to the marines" is the legend of Mr. Flagg's well-known poster, showing a contemporary knight angrily shedding his coat at a tale of violence or de-

pravity across several thousand miles of land and sea. Learned men sometimes argue whether States are subject to the same moral rules that affect persons: yet as a matter of plain psychology, nothing is more evident than that the war-spirit in any nation depends on regarding the deeds of the enemy State as threatening, inhuman, treacherous, arrogant, or otherwise intolerable, in just the same way that personal deeds may be: they must touch in the same way the same springs of resentment in each of the millions of bodies of the people. Polite diplomatic crimes, however menacing, seldom stir public wrath until they are embodied in some personal outrage that can stand as their concrete symbol. The psychological laws of morale are therefore first of all the laws of personal pugnacity.

Pugnacity is one of two or three ways of meeting an obstacle. The easiest way is to give up, go around, or retreat; pugnacity is a way of added effort. It can only exist where there are reserves of energy to be called on: a completely exhausted person is incapable of wrath. In fact, pugnacity is probably developed by nature originally as a sort of moble reserve for coming to the aid of other instincts when in difficulty. It may take a very mild form, as in the extra effort one puts into opening a stubborn door. There is a tell-tale warmth, in some persons what we might call a "threshold of profanity," which marks the fact that the reserves are

beginning to arrive. Or, as one of the two typical passions of human nature, it may rise to the level of transport. But throughout the gamut we can see that it means new energy put behind the purpose in hand; that the bodily disturbance is intended to fit the organism for strong and sustained exertion.

In human beings, pugnacity always *personifies its object,* even to the point of apostrophizing the unruly door. This reaction is not always scientific; and experience, in the case of inanimate things, gradually substitutes a more inquiring mind, while retaining the pugnacity in the form of mettle or spirit. But where the obstacle is personal, there remains a place for indignation. That is, where all the means of persuasion have failed, and the deliberate bad will is a fact in the world which we must face and meet. The change from normal to hostile relations is usually slow, reluctant, and the result of a cumulation of events; for it is not simply a change of behavior, but a change of the entire system of assumptions, ideas, and hopes under which relations are carried on. We hope against hope for a time; we launch an ultimatum; then we cast the die, the word of breach is uttered, and "what worlds away."

In such cases we can see that pugnacity, first of all, *must be certain of itself,* certain both of its facts and of its cause. There is no surer way to deflate an angry man than to show a material flaw in his premises. And, second, pugnacity always

requires a moral motive, though its occasion is material. It lights not on the property that is taken, but on the theft in the taking. It always adopts the language "You ought."

Beasts and children will fight for what they want simply because they want it, without compunction on the score of "right." Mature men seldom achieve this sublime inconsiderateness. The most unblushing robber in face of his victim feels a pressure to make it appear that his rights have somehow been invaded, by society if not by the individual: the wolf tries the lamb and finds him guilty.

Reflective and experienced culprits, it is true, weary in time of the burdensome hypocrisy and throw off the mask. But it is clear that the leaders of Germany could have won the nation to war neither in 1870 nor now without a plausible show that their war was a war of defense. And as the facts gradually oust the now well-rooted falsehood, the will to war of the Central Powers weakens, and would weaken faster but for the dread that the wrath of the world may indeed make their fight now one for national existence.

Thus indignation in mature human beings always assumes the garb of moral indignation; and this implies that the normal exercise of the fighting-instinct is in the interest of justice, and against a being capable of seeing moral distinctions. Stupidity itself would not provoke impatience except for

the assumption that humanity—and animals—ought not to be stupid, and that they know it.

And it should be added that as a form of passion, anger is frequently a highly self-forgetful and generous experience. As a radical state of will, it abolishes petty considerations, ceases the effort to save remnants of amenity and advantage, casts prudence to the winds and makes a clean sweep. It frequently assumes great risks and much exertion which a prudent neutrality or compromise could avoid. As between the man who has a capacity for wrath, and a man incapable of any radical passion, few would hesitate to choose the former.

But anger is noble only in the noble; and as a personal explosion it always bears the trace of the failure it signalizes. The serving of ultimata is not good building material for social life. And the same must be said of the pugnacious attitude toward other nations: it is in each case a last resort and a confession of "mortal mind," at some time in the past if not at the moment. Yet if the failure exists it is far more honorable to confess it, and *fight*—if it is justice one is fighting for—than to maintain a guilty amiability. And when in the event of war pugnacity is combined with the social feelings and their instinctive loyalties, it may acquire an almost religious dignity.

For, in the first place, the sense of *certainty* necessary to pugnacity is confirmed by social au-

thority and suggestion. The man who fights his own personal battles assumes a great burden of assurance: but he who fights in company with his community may read his own conviction in the eyes of his neighbors on every hand. His critical faculty is disarmed by the momentum of common consent; he begins to believe in his cause with an apostolic fervor.

And as to the *moral ingredient* necessary to the fighting spirit in responsible men, any cause which one serves in common with others will have the beginning of a moral sanction just because it is a common cause. The genuine devotion one gives to the community, the loyalty, the labor and the sacrifice, lend their color to the cause itself. Psychologically, it is easy for us mortals to invert the true order of dependence and believe a cause good because we unselfishly sacrifice for it, rather than sacrifice for it because we have found it good. The herd-impulse tends of itself, automatically, to sanction and sustain the fighting-impulse.

And in fact, the elevation of spirit that comes of yielding to the social instinct is not unreal. Whether for good cause or ill, war demands courage and a proffering of the ultimate sacrifice. It develops a brotherhood in the ranks and a compactness in the national life which are substantial gains. It may lead many a mind into a new breadth and generosity of aim. The discovery of the smallness of private concerns, and the vitality of that public interest

that had seemed so theoretical,—more than this, the actual sense of malaise and lostness if one is not palpably in the harness of the common task,—all this amounts to a revaluing of existence and perhaps the opening of a new chapter in personal development.

More than once I have heard it said among ourselves that any cause which men are willing to die for deserves respect. It would be truer to the psychology of the case to say that any willingness to die for a cause deserves respect; but no respect is due to the willingness to let this virtue excuse the failure to examine the cause. One who is conscious of making a moral investment in his country's cause, and has filled his ears with the authoritative identifications of patriotism with duty and religion, has no doubt a powerful invitation to neglect or slight the inquiry into the outlying issues whose character gives the sign of plus or minus to the whole affair. But just this appearance of sufficient sanction which the emotions and virtues of herd-feeling cast over all war-making is the chief mischief of crowd-psychology. When pugnacity is combined with patriotism it *may,* as we have said, acquire almost religious dignity; but whether or not it does acquire that dignity depends on something beyond the limit of feeling or instinct. And without this something beyond, feeling and instinct are not a fit foundation for a lasting morale: the false appearance of worth is the worst enemy of real worth.

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MORALE,—KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF

One who has yielded himself to the impulse of the crowd, at a game, or a rally, or in the tide of war-feeling, may shortly come to realize that he has become less of a thinker, that he has surrendered something of his mind as well as of his will to the keeping of the mass. He imitates more than usual, is more credulous, and (as if subconsciously aware of a certain weakness of root) more anxiously on the lookout for leaders to follow. At the same time, he is inclined to be fickle in passing from one to the other because the accustomed ground of judgment is lacking. Under the influence of crowd-feeling, one can be suspicious without being discriminating, panicky without being progressive, dogmatic without being convinced. In short, the new development of one's social nature has been purchased at some cost: one may have surrendered too much.

Is it not obvious that a morale dependent primarily upon the instinctive impulses of pugnacity and national feeling must lack something vital, if only for this reason,—that in the order of nature, *these impulses themselves depend upon something else?* They are only called into existence by their

appropriate "stimulus,"—i. e., some condition or fact in the world which arouses indignation and the defensive concentration of herd-feeling. Thus feeling normally results from what we know or believe; if belief, as sometimes happens, is generated by the feeling, the natural order is inverted.

It would be needless to dwell on this point, were it not so easy to ignore it in practice, and were it not for the fact that much current psychology in effect denies it.

There are still officers in army and navy—not as many as formerly—who believe exclusively in the morale that works its way into every body of recruits through discipline and the sway of *esprit de corps*. "They know that they're here to can the Kaiser, and that's all they need to know," said one such officer to me very recently. "After a man has been here two months, the worst punishment you can give him is to tell him he can't go to France right away. The soldier is a man of action; and the less thinking he does, the better." There is an amount of practical wisdom in this; for the human mind has a large capacity for adopting beliefs that fit the trend of its habits and feelings, and this trend is powerfully moulded by the unanimous direction of an army's purpose. There is an all but irresistible orthodoxy within a body committed to a war. And the current (pragmatic) psychology referred to, making the intelligence a mere instru-

ment of the will, would seem to sanction the maxim, "First decide, and then think accordingly."

But there are two remarks to be made about this view. First, that in the actual creation of morale within an army corps much thinking is included, and nothing is accomplished without the consent of such thoughts as a man already has. Training does wonders in making morale, when nothing in the mind opposes it. Second, that the morale which is sufficient for purposes of training is not necessarily sufficient for the strains of the field.

The intrinsic weakness of "affective morale," as psychologists call it, is that it puts both sides on the same mental and moral footing: it either justifies our opponents as well as ourselves, or it makes both sides the creatures of irrational emotion.

This fact is well illustrated in a book on the psychology of war that has had some vogue in the army: and the point is so important that I ask leave to quote from it at some length. Major Eltinge is regarding the army from the angle of crowd psychology, holding that "an army is a crowd with a common training and therefore easier to move than any other crowd to unanimous action." He says:

> "When it is proposed to imbue the mind of a crowd with ideas and beliefs—with modern social theories for instance—the leaders have recourse to different expedients. The principal of them are three in number and clearly defined, affirmation, repetition and contagion. Their action is some-

what slow, but their effects once produced are very lasting.

"Affirmation pure and simple, kept free of all reasoning and all proof, is one of the surest means of making an idea enter the minds of crowds. . . . When an affirmation has been repeated sufficiently and there is unanimity in this repetition . . . what is called a current of opinion is formed and the powerful mechanism of contagion intervenes. . . . Reason is incapable of transforming man's opinions."

So far we see Major Eltinge accepting the tendency of the crowd-feeling to take control of the mind and form its opinions, as a principle for shaping army morale. Now see the application to the public in general and the central issues of the war:

"There has been a perfect flood of articles justifying the course of one or other of the contestants in the present great European war. Those articles did not come from the ignorant or those of weak judgment who without reason were led away by their emotions. They came from college professors, men of letters, scientists, representing the best intelligence, education and reasoning power of the world. Yet each, his views colored by his emotions, reasons to the end that clearly justifies his own side.

"The German people individually and as a whole believe that they are fighting desperately in defense of their liberties,—their very homes even. The Allies feel just as strongly that the Germans wantonly attacked *them*. The best minds of both sides are submerged by emotion. . . .

"When the war is over, writers and historians, writing quietly in their studies uninfluenced by the emotion of the conflict, will point out reasons that

never existed. They will point out aggression, vanity, pride, desire for self-aggrandizement or hope of political reward as the motive for acts that were prompted solely by patriotic fear for the country," etc.

A book could hardly go farther toward reducing the enemy's cause and our own to the same moral status, thus destroying the morale of both army and people at its roots. Naturally, the writer had no such intention. He was simply misled by the glamor of a "crowd psychology" which has had many true things to say about human nature; but which is so far from giving the whole truth that it leaves wholly out of view the central nerve of all earnest and long-range action,—conviction, the reasoned belief of thinking men.

Crowds are capable of doing reasonless things upon impulse and of adopting creeds without reflection. But an army is not a crowd; still less is a nation a crowd. A mob or crowd is an unorganized group of people governed by less than the average individual intelligence of its members. Armies and nations are groups of people so organized that they are controlled by an intelligence higher than the average. The instincts that lend, and must lend, their immense motive-power to the great purposes of war are the servants, not the masters, of that intelligence.

Man has, perhaps, but slight claim to be called

"the reasoning animal": he is, let us say, nine-tenths impulse and one-tenth reason or reflection. but this one-tenth has the advantage of being cumulative. A thought to-day and another thought to-morrow: a doubt here, a query there, an idea struck out by this event or by that conversation, build themselves together and become the controlling structure of our lives. The impressions I get from reading to-day's paper vanish, or seem to vanish. I cannot recall what I read yesterday. But that reading either confirmed or weakened the beliefs that keep my purposes pointed in their course. The helm does not need to keep always moving. A deflection once made alters the course of the ship till the end of the voyage.

Feeling taken by itself is an unreliable support of action, and is incapable of direct control either from outside or from inside. Anyone who has tried to train his feelings into the groove of what he is supposed to feel, or thinks he ought to feel, on the occasion let us say of a wedding, his own wedding, or a catastrophe, or even a death, will corroborate the statement. The slight feeling of shame with which one listens to an orator who is visibly aiming his appeal to feeling shows the same thing. Feeling is essentially free, individual, and transitory; its function is to make the connection between what I know and what I do. The connection is the important thing, and if it can be made without feeling it may be none the worse. The only justified appeal to

free and intelligent beings is by way of what they think. What one himself feels as he tells his story or makes his argument will carry itself across without any separate exertion.

The point is observed in practice by all instinctive leaders of men. If they have a state of will to produce, they do not "assert and repeat" the conclusion they wish drawn: they state the facts which are their own premises, and let their hearers draw their own conclusions. They allow knowledge to do its natural work on the will. One of the most remarkable changes in morale that has taken place within our own borders is that in the lower East Side of New York, which between Fall of 1917 and Summer of 1918 practically discarded its non-patriotic international socialism for a very genuine national loyalty. The man who had more to do with that change than any other person was asked to explain it. He said, "When the Kaiser put over the treaty of Brest-Litovsk he automatically wiped socialism out of the East Side. Our work was simply to let in the light." In the army, there has been a high percentage of desertion from units containing mountaineers of east Tennessee, northern Alabama, and Georgia; armed squadrons of the Eleventh Cavalry stationed at Fort Oglethorpe have been detailed to round them up. This condition has gone hand in hand with the isolation and ignorance of these mountain people; and the cavalrymen have found on various occasions that a campaign of enlighten-

ment has been more effective in bringing deserters back to the colors than the armed man-hunt.

"The trips of the cavalrymen after hiding men, many of them wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam, have been of the nature of educational tours among people whose attitude of opposition to the war and to the Government was based on ignorance and lies."

And the same principle holds in the dealing of statesmen with the morale of entire peoples. Those who feel the immediate pressure of the emergency are frequently impatient with the demand for information about the causes of the war, and for authoritative statements of war aims. After a discussion of certain questions of nationality, one of our diplomatic corps abroad said to me, "That is all very interesting; but the main thing now is to get on with the war. And the main thing for our people to realize is that so far we are not winning; we have not yet struck the winning gait." At the some moment, Great Britain was issuing statements of her aims, and creating a "War Aims Committee" to carry the discussion through the island. There is in fact no way to "get on with the war" except by *keeping the thoughts of the people together.* There is no such thing, either in army or civilian world, as being too clear about the mental setting of the war; there is no such thing except for difficulties of expression, as repeating the tale too often. A lover who replies to his lady's question, "I have

told you once; is that not enough?" may be logically defensible, but he is psychologically far astray; and a people at war is in somewhat her position who is giving all she has. The more profoundly the feelings and the will are involved, the more insatiable and just is the appetite for knowledge.

There is a time for thought, as I am sometimes reminded by friends in the army, and a time for action; the day of deliberation is past. My answer is: the time for thought is whenever the questions arise. For us as a nation, the major deliberations are indeed past. But the enemies of a sound morale arise all along the line, as the first flush of war-enthusiasm gives way to the long pull. In the succeeding chapters, I shall deal with some of these more prevalent impediments to morale in knowledge and belief, namely:

1. A failure to realize the war itself;
2. The inherent fickleness of the feeling of enmity;
3. The awkward consciousness of our own imperfect political righteousness;
4. The vague and unclear image of the "State,"—that invisible entity in whose behalf so much is sacrificed,—and the consequent paling of patriotism.

We shall speak first of the difficulty, not wholly surmountable, of realizing the fact of war as it is.

CHAPTER V

ON REALIZING THE WAR

For four years and more there has been about our ears the fact of war, a complex and mighty fact like a distant and rising storm. Yet for the greater number of us, and for the greater part of our waking day, it remains true that we only imperfectly believe war is really taking place.

At a distance from the actual scene of war, the existence of war is discredited by nine-tenths of the impressions of the day's work. Where everything invites us to believe in the usual, the unusual can acquire but momentary and purely mental recognition. The unwelcome knowledge has to make its way against the momentum of a lifetime's purposes. We say that there is a war: but the thing that comes to our minds is not war—*as it is*.

It is not merely habit, but the habitual and instinctive belief in our personal good-fortune that is at stake. We are mentally prepared for whatever carries our fortunes forward: we are mentally set against whatever threatens to put them backward. The most fortunate are thus the most incredulous of misfortune: and one of the most insidious dangers of wealth is the prepossession that no other estate is normal or possible *for me*. Wealth is es-

pecially prone to take to heart that Psalm which reads "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." And America, as a whole, has the habit of prosperity.

Thus it comes about that beside the great physical effort of mobilization there goes another effort,—that of *mental mobilization.* And the second is as momentous as the first for the maximum effective morale.

For the difference between a languid and a vigorous morale is just the difference between knowing a thing and realizing it. And "realizing" means seeing its dimensions and its bearings, what it means for the future as well as for the present, for my own action as well as for that of others.

The prodigious labor of waking the country was a matter of getting the country to realize what was taking place. Our prophets of preparedness spoke to a largely unrealizing world. They spoke with emphasis enough; but emphasis does not produce belief. Sweat and tears on the part of prophets have never produced belief. The world has its taciturn classifications for nervous and excited minds, as prophets have always found; and unfortunately there are ten unstable and irresponsible prophets for every true one. Until our prophets are better psychologists, their work will be largely in vain. And even now when the truth is upon us, and we desire to realize it, it is not within a simple act of

our wills to do so. There is something elusive about that state of mind we call "realization" or belief.

Whatever "brings the war home to us" naturally moves us nearer to sensing its reality. Seeing, they say, is believing: the official pictures help; and the various concrete visible facts of soldierdom, and the mighty labors of a nation bestirring itself begin to win the day in our imaginations. Yet imagination itself has to confess defeat: it scans the scenes for the thud of war; and with the fall of the curtain a sense of disappointment steals over us—the heart of the thing has been missed. We read the letters and the books, we hear the speakers, and much is made actual and vivid; but one thing we fail to grasp —the war.

Would anything give us the reality, anything short of being over there and being in it? Would even that give us the realization of the fact? It may be of some use to give the answer, some use in appeasing that self-accusing restlessness, clamorous to be on the spot. It may help us to turn that good energy into more useful channels.

Let me speak from my own observation at the British and French fronts and say that being over there and in the heart of the war-drama does not dissipate the haunting feeling of unreality. Of all the denizens of the war-zone, the practised war-correspondent probably sees the most; yet he does not escape this constitutional incredulity. He wins

his stories from a landscape in which the unpractised witness sees confused movements, hears much noise near and remote, perceives sudden trees of smoke and dust sprouting full-grown from the hillside and dissolving, notes thin lines of men appearing out of nowhere and dropping out of sight,—all in a frame of hills and clouds and woods and streams that stand patient and often serene while little man does his mightiest in the midst of them, destroying chiefly his own work and kind. The observer searches for words that will stab awake his own spirit and that of his reader, and fails to find them.

But realization has something to do with action. The *observer* cannot realize; only he who takes part can understand what it means. The private soldier then,—but do you think that he escapes incredulity? I can assure you that he does not. I do not know whether he is more beset by it than others; but he, too, sleeps and wakes and thinks he is still in an evil dream, that these things cannot be real. In the case of this war at least, seeing is not believing; or perhaps we should put it this way: that *the war cannot be seen.*

The war cannot be seen. The private soldier sees what no one else can see. He is there at the white-hot edge where history is being beaten into its new shape. He knows the event, the stream of events, not as one who explores it, but as one who plunges into it and feels the tug of the current in his own body. Perhaps for this very reason he feels more

keenly the imprisonment of his mind, his ignorance of the wider bearings of his own movements. The actor is at a disadvantage in judging the play; the soldier is at a similar disadvantage in judging the battle. In handing his will over to the control of his commanders, he has necessarily resigned also much of the knowledge required to guide that will. He has a vague confidence, sometimes a pathetic confidence, that what he fails to see and know someone sees and knows—his company commander probably, or at any rate the general staff, the war council, the high officers of the State. And even this confidence sometimes deserts him.

For he has had reason to know the distance between the human official mentality and omniscience; and more than this, he knows that much of the truth of history lies buried with the memories of men who fell in carrying it out. Of many a critical action the true history will never be known. And as for the mysteries that regulate the attack or retreat or transfer, the inexplicable delays that beset reliefs, supplies, furloughs, his mind has long since ceased to beat at the bars of his speculative cage: a fatalism is likely to supervene which is not the fatalism of a divine foredestiny, but that of a mind caught in the mesh of a very human necessity and reduced to the simplicity of doing the next thing with what power one has. The private soldier knows that he does not see the war.

And the same must be said of the higher officers,

so far as they fail to see what the private soldier sees. Step into the headquarters of the Sixth French Army where General Mestre is conducting the operations along the Aisne back of the Chemin des Dames. Around the walls hang great maps; showing the dispositions of the German divisions and smaller units in much detail. From the room radiate hundreds of wires. In the immediate neighborhood an immense group of officers are occupied in collecting data of all kinds, with receiving reports and transmitting orders. Here in the midst is the directing mind, quiet, courteous, taking time to do the honors with the French formality which is so much a second nature that it becomes an element of simple grace. It is evident that the General sees much that was concealed from the private soldier: it is equally evident that just what the private soldier most intimately sees must drop out of the General's direct knowledge. He must deal with regiments, brigades, divisions, armies, as units. He knows that the private soldier is here; but the war must come before him as a schematic totality. The detail must be largely lost; to the mind of a general the war becomes generalized.

Mr. H. G. Wells reports a conversation with Joffre while Joffre was still in active service, in which that great soldier remarked to him about the "strangeness of it all." This sense of strangeness is simply the confession which one meets everywhere, of a partial grasp of the event. The war, so far as it

is visible at all, is the sum of a million separate visions that never find themselves together in one mind,—each one living vicariously on the imagination of the rest.

At times some one of these many angles brings home so poignantly the bearings of a pen stroke at Potsdam that one involuntarily exclaims, "This is the war." At a base-hospital, perhaps, where part of the crop of war is garnered; or in the running cemeteries interspersed with patches of rusted barbed wire along the road from Bapaume to Albert; or in the Red Cross trains that pull their heavy burdens into Charing Cross with such clumsy tenderness as railway trains can show, while the crowd stands silent, ready with its mute gifts of flowers. Here at Chauny one might have followed the wake of a retreating army, destroying for terror's sake what it could not use; at Champier a violated cemetery, at Roye a ruined church, tell the same tale. Or here, at Erith, a thousand women stand all day stamping rivets into the cartridge belts of machine guns. Or in the streets of Paris, other thousands of black-robed women hold their heads high and proud. Or even farther away from the scene of warfare, in some quiet country spot, a thinker's eye straining into the future sees the passing of old social orders, the loss of the France or the England of yesterday: and for a moment one may seem to catch through his eyes a glimpse of the war as it is.

But in truth, the war is not a thing that can be seen; it must be thought. And if physical vision hinders or preoccupies the free flight of thought it may be the very thing that prevents the realization of the war. War can be realized only through what is at once a concrete thing and an incentive of thought, a representative of something greater than itself, in short, through a *symbol*. The most vivid and complete sense of it may come through experiences which are no direct part of the doings of war, but which stand as symbols into which all our fragmentary impressions can be poured and fused.

Let me picture one such experience. After a day's delay for reasons not vouchsafed to the public, the Channel boat from Havre to Southampton receives from the Admiralty the word to sail. Late at night, with a moon low in the West and a sea running high, it drops out of the harbor; and when the lights of the city have faded and only the great fitful gleam of the Point of France marks the land we have left, one becomes suddenly aware that the haze above the water on the starboard side is assuming shape, and the steamer's rail glides under a huge silent bulk from which one slim line of light looks down on us. Three such sentries we pass, tangible signs of the sleepless vigilance of England, ominous, silent, determined, as if emerging secretly from the world's subconscious integrity of purpose. They also are vulnerable, those great vessels, as much at the mercy of the terror that walketh in darkness as our-

selves, yet throwing their resolute protection over us. This is war: in its grimness, its mystery, and its faith,—a stream of the weak giving itself to defend the weak, making itself for the time the passing body of the eternal certainty that rides over all the lurid contingencies of the conflict.

The attitude of mind of audiences following film-pictures of the war is not without its significance. I have noticed what things seemed to rouse spontaneous interest. It was not always the supposed climax of the film picture, the views of going over the top that cost the official photographer so much; nor the assault, which in the picture may have seemed strangely casual and quiet. But the sight of the boys debarking, the long columns, the endlessly renewed columns,—symbol of inexhaustible human resources;—the sight of their escorts of honor, symbol of the union of peoples;—the sight of their form, the instant synchronous swing of the quick time, symbol of their spirit and condition;—and chief of all, the sight of Old Glory moving up the line, going forward into action, proud, proud Old Glory,—symbol of everything on earth we are eager to serve: this alone was irresistible. It is through the symbol that the mind best gropes its way to realization.

But there is no final escape from the recurrent onset of incredulity—nor should there be. For at the center of this feeling is the true judgment (quite

possibly a subconscious judgment) that this war is essentially an anachronism, a method of solving international problems now wholly out of date. It is too far out of accord with our political temper to be wholly real. The choice of it was possible only to minds living in a self-made haze, attitudinizing in mediæval armor before the glass of their own conceit, and prizing as advanced what is only the echo of forgotten folly. It is a state of mind supported by a false science and a materially pragmatic philosophy, a perverse interpretation of history and a morbid dramatization of dead ideals of rulership and empire, blind to the fact that new methods are already born and that the solution of public dilemmas already in germ exists. America, slow to believe and slow to act was slow largely through the irrepressible health of its own outlook, the good will that assumed not with its intellect alone but with its whole being that the age of war is gone. The incredulity of the average citizen, the incredulity of the boys in the trenches, is so far an honest incredulity: this war *is* a bad dream, a dream of minds bound in evil. Temporarily it is in their power to drag all Christendom into the vortex of their own delirium, but only until the common pain can bring about a common awakening.

So far, we must suffer whatever disadvantage to morale comes of making war more or less awkwardly, theoretically, dutifully, reluctantly, devoid of the zest of Roman legionaries who adored

both the goal and the method. This handicap, such as it is, we can accept, with pride and with complete confidence that it is compensated elsewhere.

CHAPTER VI

ENMITY AND THE ENEMY

INSTINCT will come to the aid of a brief, intense angry effort; but it will do little or nothing to sustain a steady fighting temper over a long time. Animals can fight, some of them can conduct battles; but only mankind can carry on feuds and wars. War-making requires the moral persistence which only the reasoning biped can supply, not merely because of the complex and scientific character of its operations, but because there is something inwardly elusive about the hostile sentiment itself.

It is as though fighting engendered a subtle drug which in the course of time produced numbness to the original issue. We find peoples, like individuals, forgetting justice and flagging in the will to war because nature refuses to support antipathy at its original vigor, becomes inhospitable to the simple fact or relationship of enmity. Just as something instinctive and unmoral mixes in with the zest of fighting as fighting grows warm, so something equally unmoral mixes in with the wish to stop fighting, as the fighting drags through the seasons.

It is well to understand, as far as we can, the causes of this strange treachery of the hostile feelings, mother of many a treacherous peace.

It is not hard to see some at least of the reasons why enmity tends to undermine its own foundations. In the first place, of all sentiments, it requires the highest degree of inner tension. Two opposite attitudes are combined in it, the effort to bring the hated object forward into clear consciousness, and the effort to expel it from consciousness, because it is hated. The hater is thus in a state of partial self-checkage: he becomes a divided and relatively unhappy object, preoccupied with what he wants to expel from the universe. If everybody loves a lover, as they say, there is an equally natural tendency to hate the chronic hater and avoid him.

As if to escape this result, healthy constitutions do not absorb hate into the system, but throw it off when it has done its destined work—that of bringing about a settled course of action, which has no need to goad itself on by ruminating over the original incentives. And because the state of enmity, like other negative feelings, is depressing (though like pain it may be highly stimulating to immediate action), there is a certain haste to get rid of it, even before it has worked out its natural result. Its sojourn in the system is like that of a disease which gradually summons out the forces of immunity and rejection.

And further, there is a subconscious logic that often works against it. The enemy, in the course of our dealing with him, seldom fails to command some

kind of respect, if only because he is *our* enemy and engages our powers and our wits. And if he has a fighter's honor, out of this respect may grow a genuine sympathy (well portrayed in Galsworthy's drama, "Strife") such as appears in our regard for the veterans and leaders of the Confederacy. When this happens, enmity has generated its own antidote and the spirit of warfare dies a natural death.

By its methods of conducting the present war, Germany has removed all danger that our fighting spirit will die out from this last-named cause. But the primary tendency of enmity to benumb itself remains; and besides this, no sentiment is so ill-managed, when we consider its public expressions and the efforts of public men to arouse and sustain it.

The slowness of our original response to the European situation was due in part to such psychological errors on the part of our reporters and awakeners. They failed to allow for the fact that a mental constitution, naturally inhospitable to active enmity, will incline to place the alleged malefactor in the same class with other distant newspaper culprits or with stage-villains, semi-mythical, about whom nothing need be done. Belief has its momentum; and we had been favorably disposed to Germany and the Germans. Besides, we lacked, as a people, the historical background, the sense of the deep-rooted antagonisms, the trains of gunpowder laid in the highways of European history, which

could have given the original acts of war verisimilitude. In brief we lacked the "motivation," we were not supplied with the motivation, and hence we could not believe the criminal as black as he was painted: men's eyes have to get used to this kind of darkness also. The portrait of the designing, unscrupulous, spy-setting, world-claiming, treaty-wrecking, humanity-spurning Germany seemed a partisan caricature. No doubt we were helped in this feeling by our own experience with party politics and by our knowledge that the facts about Germany came chiefly via the British censor. There must be, we thought, another side: no modern nation could give itself to a policy quite so evil, so cynical, so quixotically pretentious.

While this incredulity lasted, the inflooding stories of atrocities were received with a divided mind. With the rising flood of wrath against the perpetrators was mingled a feeling of resentment toward those who reported them. Later circumstantial accounts of the treatment of Belgium roused a widespread flame of hot fury (and I confess that to this day in my own feelings the rape of Belgium outranks all the long list of Germany's crimes); but even then, uncertainty about the proportions of the fact stood between us and complete belief: both sides had not been heard; the enemy remained somewhat less than a full-fledged reality.

Our portrait makers had exceeded the rate at which our belief could grow, without supplying the

background that could have speeded it. They also frequently committed the error of giving their conclusions instead of their premises, their denunciations and epithets instead of the facts on which they were based. And occasionally they committed, and still commit, the error of de-humanizing the enemy. It is seldom wise to call the enemy the names he fully deserves; it is never wise to make him out less than human. For anger, as we saw, runs in the opposite direction: it personifies and attributes conscience to even inanimate things. If we de-humanize the foe we remove him from the reach of instinctive indignation. Let me illustrate:

Not long ago I listened to a stirring address by a French lieutenant in the course of which he described the conduct of a Prussian officer taken prisoner in the second battle of Ypres, the battle which has the distinction of witnessing the inaugural use in human warfare of poison gas. The first victims of this German invention were being taken back, contorted with agony, to the dressing stations, where war-seasoned surgeons stood appalled and helpless: seldom even in this war has there been such a scene of anguish and despair. The Prussian officer, far from showing a sign of human concern, burst into derisive laughter. He laughed! and he muttered something to the effect that the British would soon learn what they were up against. Our speaker made his comment by quoting an after-dinner speech of Governor-General von Bissing at

a Brussels banquet in which that officer referred with indignant surprise to the continued insubordination of the Belgian populace: "These Belgians," he said, "are to me a psychological enigma." "*Une énigme psychologique!*", exclaimed the lieutenant, "it is Von Bissing and his like that are the psychological puzzle to us. What we are engaged in is not a war between nations: it is a war between species,—*une guerre des espèces.*"

The story spoke for itself: the comment weakened it. For to place the enemy in a different species is to diminish his responsibility; whereas it is precisely his responsibility that sustains the condemnation.

During the latter part of August, 1917, four of us were being conducted through the devastated region about Noyon, Chauny, Roye, and Ham, by M. le Capitaine Jaubert. There were the murdered orchards, the choked and defiled wells, the desolate acres of rubbish that a few weeks past were living cities,—everywhere ghastly, jagged spindles of wall rising like mutely weeping ghosts from formless heaps of dust, the bones of vanished architecture,—the whole wide stretch of mother earth made into a Babylonish desert, not by time but by human design and toil. I waited during the long day to hear the justified anathema from the captain's lips. His sole comment was, "You see, gentlemen, there was no valid military excuse for this." He had said all that could be put into words; and he was right in

leaving the rest to our own silent reaction. What is not expressed is not over-expressed, nor yet under-expressed: it turns inward, and feeds the permanent resolve.

Among the fighters, it is striking that so little time, comparatively, is spent in swapping atrocity-stories and in inventing fit epithets. They have a more effective way of expressing their judgment. What carries our boys over the top with a vengeance is not a warmed-up hate, and certainly not rum, but the sufficient knowledge of happenings within their own ken, set in the frame of their understanding of the purposes of Potsdam.

It is this frame that is the important thing. That is the soul of the enemy. The significance of every act of atrocity lies in the fact that it is the fruit of a policy: it is a symptom, and a symbol, of the thing to be destroyed. This the soldier understands, and comes to understand more deeply with experience.

If the reason for war lay in the personal inferiority of the enemy, it would be a blow to morale to find specimens of him, say among the prisoners, very much the same as ourselves. When one sees in the individual enemy an unquestionable fellow-being, the impulse to treat him as such comes to the front, and commonly drags with it the skeptical query, "Why have I been trying to kill this fellow? What is this monstrous madness of war that sets at one another's throats so many millions of beings meant by nature to be co-operators if not friends?"

One forgets that if Lucifer had not been a fellow-angel there could have been no such thing as a war in heaven. It is only on beings like ourselves (within limits) that war can be made—the whole question of war hangs not on what the opponent *is,* but on *what he has chosen.*

What makes humanity is the power of the human being to commit himself to an idea or principle and to stand for it, so that the conflict of the principles becomes a conflict of the men who stand for them. My enemy is the man who is standing for what I am bound to regard as a bad principle; standing for it, not in theory alone, but in trying to build it into the structure of human behavior generally. And to keep that false idea from getting a hold in the world, to exclude that bad principle means, on account of his choice, to exclude *him.* This much we shall always have in common with all human beings, the law of life, to stand or fall by the validity of our choices. If I make a sufficiently vital error I may have a chance in another life, but not in this: and the same holds good for him. The object of warfare is not to exclude individual souls from the universe: it is to keep their false choices from polluting the stream of history from which our descendants—and theirs—must draw their life.

CHAPTER VII

THE PURPOSES OF POTSDAM

It is not our object to discuss the issues of the war: our work is to deal with the psychology of war-making. But having spoken of the purposes of Potsdam as the chief element in the object of our present hostility, I can hardly acquit myself of sketching what those purposes are, especially since a certain light is thrown on them by the psychology of the peoples at war.

There are people, like the English, who seem to be chary of committing themselves to defined purposes of any sort, afraid to desperation of becoming limited or doctrinaire by tying up to a particular principle or theory. Nevertheless they speak with no uncertain voice against the policies they *reject*, and so indirectly acknowledge allegiance to what we might call a vague public creed, none the less positive and real because they decline the trouble and risk of defining it. They pursue, if you like, a political vision which has at least this in common with the *visio beatifica* of the mystics, that it is hard to put into words. Yet it helps to guide the decision of particular cases, and so gradually builds up a body of precedent, the common law of the British State in its dealings with other States. It has the

advantages and the disadvantages of its unwritten constitution. It forms no exception to the rule that history is made up of the commitments of men and nations to congenial ideas, commitments more or less experimental and competitive.

The German people are far more inclined to commit themselves to a theory, and are less likely to be saved by the vaguer inner monitors (all more or less intuitive; such as, humor, taste, virtue, etc.) from the excesses of the intellect. This trait is due in part to their history. As late comers upon the scene of European culture, they have made headway largely by skill in intelligent, patient analysis of what was already present, and by unflinching courage in applying their analysis in their own way. Confidence in the sufficiency of "science" to find the sure path to everything belonging to a nation's life, both material and spiritual, and unreserved commitment to the guiding ideas thus scientifically found, has become a national characteristic.

Largely because of this German trait, this war is almost an ideal case of warfare. For the unreservedness of commitment so characteristic of their personal behavior is equally so of their foreign policy. The principle of that policy is not unknown or new in the world; new only is the absence of compunction with which it has been followed in all its consequences, and the vividness with which its nature has thus become evident to all (other) eyes. To see it in this extreme form is to reject it in

toto. The Prussian has thus made himself the experimental subject for all mankind; and this war becomes with full right the *cause célèbre* of modern history.

What, then, is this principle? Its name is *Realpolitik*, the very plausible principle that States must be guided by "real" rather than imaginary goods and considerations. Its nature, however, appears when we understand that the "real" goods are the solid substances of economic advantage and prestige, as opposed to the purely imaginary or ideal properties of honesty and good-will; and that the "real" considerations, the things that count in the world, are the *accomplished facts*, as opposed to the fanciful and quickly forgotten interest in the methods by which facts are brought about. *Realpolitik* is an easy and quite natural generalization from human history, when read with a cynical eye. And the purposes of Potsdam are simply the resolute embodiment of *Realpolitik* in international affairs. It is this—and not any principle of the internal organization of States, whether autocratic or democratic —that we have to meet and overthrow. It is the principle—paradoxical enough, when we look closely —that just in the great affairs of inter-state relations, principles do not count.

And quite consistently, this implies that for all Germans the changing of the facts of the world nearer to the interests of the German State is the one real and valid end which justifies, nay, makes a

duty of, every means which will work toward it: and that inasmuch as it can hardly be expected that other nations will accept this end, they may as well be treated as enemies, without compunction or argument, when the day comes to assert the German will. It is a part of the principle that in the long run force is what must command the outcome: and that a sufficiently powerful State can quite well afford to make its nest in the midst of a world of cowed and indignant enemies, certain that it controls the fear if not the respect of the rest of mankind.

During the period of the Belgian deportations, in the winter 1916-1917, I had a long conversation on the subject with a conspicuous representative of Germanism in this country, since deceased. I expressed my belief that quite apart from the question whether Germany had the power to do as she liked with the Belgians, she could ill afford to defy the common judgment of neutral nations. He replied (and I think I recall his exact words), "We have about come to the conclusion that the opinion of neutral nations is not worth considering."

I still doubt whether he, or the German Government, had weighed the cost of attracting the attention of the world to its worst qualities. Every nation, like every person, has its defects: for which, under ordinary circumstances, it needs, and receives, the indulgence of neighborly good-will. To break these usual relations deliberately not alone dares to dispense with this indulgence: but, since

enmity is selective, such an act invites the foe and all history to judge the offending people and state by its evil sides primarily. Nothing human is so good that it can brave out this verdict in cold blood. The opinion of posterity, never before so consciously defied as by the Germanic powers in the making and the conduct of this war, is still greater than the greatest political force.

Frederick the Great boasted that he could always find some pedant to justify what he had done. He was quite right in thinking that he could always find some one to try it. But history has a long, shrewd look at the works of men, and Frederick and his boast are to-day on no pedestal outside of Germany, and probably not within. For the chief danger in defying "neutral" opinion, is that it is the opinion of one's own soul, as it becomes clear. The contempt of history's judgment is the wholly futile and pitiful pose of despising one's own conscience. The deeds of Germany have condemned Germans of these and later times to an unmeasured moral suffering, which will be none the less real for all the Tendenzschriften of their more obsequious scholarship.

Internationalism had been on a precarious footing prior to this war: it was never known whether a public crime in one part of the world would or would not concern remoter parts. The theory of intervention was closely restricted. Germany nourished the

ideal of unconcern, the localization of interest, the non-existence of a genuine international moral substance. She built her plans on the weakness of a world conscience. We hesitated long: at last we cast the die which meant that the world's business is our business now and henceforth: we acknowledged ourselves co-responsible with others for the peace and order and justice of the planet. We refused any longer to ask the murderer's question, Am I my brother's keeper? With that decision, the cause of Germany was lost; for with that decision the world-community became a fact. This earth has consciously started up the long path of a mutual effort for a universal justice.

This is the aim of the war: this is the frame within which all the special acts of our enemy can be placed and understood. The striking arm of the American soldier or of the American nation cannot be nerved for its long task by any less conception of its meaning. It is a cause whose motive has no need to feed on personal hatred; for it cannot be broken or disturbed by any discoveries of personal worth in its avowed foes. "Strike for your altars and your fires" was the ancient motive of tribal battles. Now it is "Strike for the altar of a new-born human hope, —the common guardianship of a common right."

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOTE IN OUR OWN EYE

When the issue of a fight is simply "which of us two is the better man" it has the advantage of provoking no inner haltings. If the issue of war is simply Greek versus Persian, it has the same clean-cutness: everything you want to defeat is on one side, everything you want to have win is on the other. That is one good reason why those who are doing the fighting find a simple sign for the whole practical issue: it is Ourselves versus the Kaiser. There are no shades of virtue or vice to be measured: there is no problem of apportioning the guilt in the origin of the contest, two-thirds to one side, one-third to the other. The Kaiser is a concrete fact, and for present purposes all of a piece: his one salient attribute is that he is our enemy and must be beaten.

But the moment an issue is stated in general terms, as Law versus *Realpolitik,* or Autocracy versus Democracy, the line of cleavage refuses to localize itself strictly and exclusively in "No Man's Land." There are remnants of *Realpolitik,* and of the autocratic principle, in our own public life: the beam may be this time in the enemy's eye, but there is a good-sized mote in our own. A sense of imperfect rectitude on the point in question may steal in

and confuse or hamper the good-will to strike. "First," one is prone to reflect, all subconsciously perhaps,—"First, we should clean our own house; and then, being above reproach, we can go wholeheartedly for the enemy."

The enemy, furthermore, is not slow to take advantage of these subcurrents which subtly lame the strength of the fighting arm. Fighting for democracy, are we: then what of the monarchs and emperors on our side? Has any enthusastic applause for the great phrase of President Wilson come from Japan? Or if the emphasis of our principle is put on the liberties of small nations, we shall be questioned about the status of Ireland and of Greece within the coalition. One may find good answers to all these questions; but meantime the question itself has done its work; it has deducted something from the complete conviction behind the blow. No doubt a thinking army and nation are better for fighting purposes than a non-thinking army and nation; but the risks to morale of stating the issues in terms of principles, instead of in terms of peoples, is very actual. There is no escape from the inner reaction of the principles against ourselves.

I am speaking for the moment as though we had a choice whether to state our own war issue as a matter of principle or not. Issues undergo a gradual change of character as wars wear on, and it is conceivably possible to yield to the psychological drift toward primeval simplicity, until the war become

to our minds a struggle between races. One of the reproaches held against American critics of Germany in the early months of the war by German sympathizers in America was that these critics tried to make the war appear a moral issue. "This is not a moral question: it is an inevitable conflict between expanding races. We do not blame Russia that it grows and wishes to expand southward; neither are we Germans to blame that we grow and need to expand eastward. This clash of nations due to the natural forces of expansion is one of the great tragedies of history; but there is nothing for it except to fight it out. It is the struggle for survival, not a question of right and wrong." So I have been personally assured; so we have all been assured. And so we might conceivably regard the present alignment as the inevitable clash between expanding Germany and the rest of the world threatened by her ambitions. "Has not Germany as good a formal right to an empire as Great Britain?" I asked of an Englishman who had just said, "If it were not for the Empire, I would not care to be an Englishman." "Certainly," he replied, "I have never doubted her formal right to an Empire. But we do not propose that she shall have one. . . . She is not fit to have one." If he had stopped before the last sentence, he would have left the issue one of undebatable and wholly primitive simplicity, Germany's I-will versus Britain's Thou-shalt-not.

But so to state the case is evidently at once to

justify the whole method of *Realpolitik,* and to play false to all the genuine purposes of Great Britain and of ourselves. And the only alternative is to hold to the original view that beneath all clashes of will there are clashes of principle; that the way forward is to insist, against whatever difficulty, that the thought and conscience of the race shall gradually penetrate all conflicts until we find their meaning in terms of ideas. To do otherwise is to give up the tendency of social evolution toward a more thoughtful, lawful, and consistent world; it is to accept the defeat of a moral control of history at the hand of the cruder and simpler fact. It is to give Germany the right. For how much of German life and culture can be understood as an expression of weariness of spiritual evolution! In her adoption of skepticism and agnosticism, reason has turned upon its own work to limit the scope of reason's conquests; in her espousal of *Realpolitik,* law has turned upon the growth of law and has said, thus far, and no farther; in the moral cynicism which underlies all this, and which thinks itself the more enlightened view of things, spiritual ambition has turned against its own natural freedom and has made itself a slave to material interest and hard fact.

I do not doubt that much of this suicidal hostility of the spirit to the spiritual element is due to the thinness and abstraction of much of the prevalent talk about principles. Abstract idealism is a poor

solution of the problems that confront "real" statesmanship; and there are brands of Christianity known to everyone that would drive any able-headed man to *Realpolitik* for a breath of vital air. Whatever the principles at stake in this war, the answer to *Realpolitik* is not to be found in a reaction to the older formulae from which *Realpolitik* is itself a reaction.

But the adequate principles must be found, will be found, are being found. And this means that we accept the consequences,—whatever critical light these principles throw upon our own social order. And we accept also the task of dealing with the apparent argument that accompanies this criticism, that being imperfect ourselves we ought to go easy in the fighting. The task should not be a hard one.

The premise of the argument is that we ought to fight only what we ourselves are free from,—or, in effect, that only saints and angels have any right to fight. This is a natural misreading of the sentiment that has permeated the Christian world, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." There is a vein of pacifism in this misreading that needs not so much to be rebuked as to be explained.

The point is, I take it, that issues *not raised by ourselves* have to be met as they arise, and where they arise. If it is we ourselves who are raising issues, it is desirable to make sure that one's own

house is clean before attacking the condition of one's neighbor's house. If history makes the issue for us, we have to decide where we stand *on that;* and then, if we are honest, accept the consequences for ourselves. We should have every reason to feel shame and hesitancy in war if having taken up the cry of the rights of small nations we rode over any such rights without compunction, or harbored any personal profits from old wrongs. Even so, I am not sure that we would be justified in letting the call for protection pass by without response, on the ground that we have sins of our own we want to hold to for a while longer.

We must accept the logic of what we do abroad as applied to what we do at home. But the demand that we attend to what we have to remedy at home *first,* must sometimes be recognized for what it is, a hurdle deliberately thrown into the path of the runner. It is natural that the principles applied in small groups work their way outward; tyranny in private life will tend to follow the individual into his public relations, and conversely, liberality at home will have a tendency to carry itself over into business and political practice. But it is also a natural law that *public principles work their way inward;* and the State, in some ways behind the private standard of morals, is in other ways in the lead. Liberality in politics did in fact precede by some centuries the régime of equality in the family: the issue was first raised in the public life. And so it is

with the issue which German thoroughness has made so clear in the international order: the very clarity and vigor with which we rise to it will carry many an internal reform past the obstacle on which it has been hanging, simply because we see that the principle is the same, and we are willing to follow it where it leads. We shall take these things up in their order; but the war must be settled *now*.

Meantime, we may freely acknowledge that the principle of *Realpolitik* is not peculiar to Germany. It has shown its head more or less mixed and disguised in the practises of all nations. It would not be hard to mention spots in our own public life which are condemned by what we now profess before the world; and with some of these spots we may and must deal even now.

The President has justly called our attention to lynching as an example of what we are warring against. Where people think the law remiss or slow, there is a natural anti-law feeling and an impulse to revert to fact. It is a method which clearly does nothing to make law more adequate to its task; it is *Realpolitik*.

Perhaps the best example of Kaiserism at home is the spirit of what is known as profiteering. Its theory is, when you see a chance for yourself, take it; and the wider interest be damned. The social world is not yet a place of complete justice in the distributing of wealth; there are accidental heap-

ings here and there; the race is sometimes to the strong, and sometimes merely to the fortunately placed; instead of blaming the man who seizes the chance that knocks at his door, people are likely to regard him as a fool who fails to do so. Sympathy for the slow is not vivid; and in the speed of living, men judge much by results and seldom scrutinize methods very closely. "Everybody does it; and if I don't look out for myself, nobody will look out for me"; this is a philosophy which men can easily get from a shrewd reading of the times,—*the times preceding to-day.* "If the Government will let me alone for a year, I don't care what it does next; I will have mine by that time," said one such philosopher. Such men do nothing to make the lacking social justice grow; they fail to realize that this irresponsible self-seeking, the whole worth of whose gains is made by the good-will of the exploited community, has suddenly become out of date. And why? Because the community, because labor, has been quick to see that it is nothing but Prussianism in the economic sphere; and they will fight against the one only as they at the same time fight against the other.

And it will be well for the foresight of labor if it sees the case so clearly that it will cut from its own program the tendency to fight profiteering by profiteering of its own, thus tying its own hands in the fight for a better order of justice by its eagerness not to be backward in getting "its own."

Because this issue will not be postponed, but must be met and is being met from day to day while the war is being fought, profiteering, whether on the part of labor or capital, must be recognized as the greatest single menace to our fighting strength at home, the greatest single source of flagging morale. Wherever it is present it sicklies the faith of the knowing ones that any sound act can come from a social body thus inwardly diseased. "We are willing to work and to fight to the end to defeat Prussianism; but we are not willing to give an ounce of our labor nor a drop of our blood to enrich private individuals": thus labor has stated its judgment time and again on the floor of Commons, and elsewhere. And the farther-sighted men of affairs have seen that by the very nature of the war-issue, the profiteer is playing the traitor not alone to the public interest, but to the cause of business itself, in the public judgment. For the public is alert to the point that it cannot and need not continue to sanction in business that spirit of ignoring the interests of others which is being banished from international affairs on the fields of France.

Not only this, but never in the history of business has there been such an impulse to sacrifice for the common cause on the part of men of power and wealth. The profiteering that exists is local; the leaping forward to give is general, as if welcoming the opening of a new era. The external logic has worked its way inward; and the great fact of so-

ciety to-day is that men generally can believe in possibilities of which they had formerly given up hope. Nothing could go farther to confirm the morale of the nation than to fix attention on the conspicuous examples of the new spirit rather than on the examples of private greed which can always be found. For the new spirit can be confirmed only by being recognized and built upon.*

Lynching and profiteering, then, have felt the repercussion of the public campaign against Prussianism. But we may say with equal truth that we

*A good example of it may be seen in the action of the National Federation of Millers in giving up by voluntary agreement of practically the entire trade the enormous profits being wafted into their hands by the abnormal course of events quite without their deliberate manipulation. The milling business has been rated as third in volume in the United States; and its output has been, under existing conditions, not less important in winning the war than that of the steel, coal, and copper industries. They were producing on a rapidly and automatically rising market when Mr. Hoover was appointed administrator; and at once their National Federation authorized a committee to offer their co-operation. It was a moment in which only immediate and voluntary action would have met the emergency of the coming winter; and the administration invited and accepted plans for voluntary co-operation proposed by the millers' committee. These plans, limiting profits to 25 cents per barrel, have been steadily and loyally administered by a joint committee on which are serving a number of the most prominent millers of the country who, to do their work more effectively, have not alone given up active connection with their own mills, but have disposed of their stock. This has been done by Mr. Bell of the Washburn-Crosby Mills, Mr. Eckhart of Chicago, Mr. Mennel of Toledo, and others.

Steel interests, brass interests, copper, and lead interests have made concessions to the situation; and it may fairly be said of them that they have taken less profit than they might have done, though under present conditions this is only to say, in many cases, that they have allowed enormous profits to be reduced to the dimensions of only huge profits. But the action of the millers, which went far to tide over the distress of the past winter in Europe, is an act of genuine sacrifice, and the sort of act which will go far to destroy at home what we oppose abroad.

are fighting cynicism, or selfishness, or materialism, and at once, the inner corollaries of our undertaking widen without measure. In a way, all evil is akin, and there is little logical excuse for singling out one evil amongst many as the particular cousin of the enemy's idea that we must eliminate from ourselves. There is none of them that we can defend; and there is none of them that does not ally us more or less directly with the enemy.

But this only reveals the truism that in a world guilty in many ways a perfect morale is unobtainable; that in proportion to our thoughtfulness the blow aimed in one direction will bring to consciousness the necessity of blows aimed in various other quarters, with a certain tendency to confusion of purpose. This confusion must remain until we see the necessity of history which singles out for us the point upon which our energy must be directed. We learn in time the error of faltering in the pursuit of the present business because there are other wars to fight. And we learn the wisdom of accepting the *priority of the political issue;* for what men adopt in their political life they build into the common moral substratum for all their living.

CHAPTER IX

STATE-BLINDNESS

THERE is an old tale of a man in the East who had given up nearly everything in the service of his god, and whose devotion earned him an early death. In his last hours this man found this his deity, who had hitherto seemed as real to him as any living man, suddenly withdrew into obscurity until he could no longer be distinguished from the phantoms of his imagination. "My God," he exclaimed, as the scenes of his pain-filled and seemingly futile life-time crowded his dying mind, "my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

This species of doubt is not confined to the religious. It is particularly at home on the battlefield, where men are led to the shambles by a very similar devotion to an equally invisible and elusive being,—the State. All the realistic reporters of the soldier's mind, men like McGill and Barbusse, echo the horrible sense of emptiness, disillusion, desertedness, futility, that supervenes as the question presses home unanswered, "What is it that I am serving?"

And not on the battlefield alone, but wherever men and women are asked to make large sacrifice "for the nation," they are subject to a checking of impulsive patriotism, because that being has a way of

escaping the grip of our minds, even more, perhaps, than that other being, the enemy, whom we oppose. In the present war, I judge this the most serious of the insidious leaks in national morale.

For it may be taken, I believe, as a peculiarity of this war that there are arrayed under the banners of various national States thousands who question the right of national States to exist, together with other thousands to whom the words "France," "England," etc., are but names for aggregates of individuals, words standing for nothing unitary and real. They find themselves strangely offering their lives for "France," for "America,"—and yet without any adequate interest in these masses of individual Frenchmen or Americans: confronted with a random group of them, the "cash value" of these national names, they would see little reason why they should die for *their* welfare.

What imagination presents as the object of all these sacrifices is something over and above the sum of the persons in the State—a glorified being, as we said: yet, in cold blood, is this symbolic figure anything more than an emotional projection of the group-instinct, easily capable of being too superstitiously regarded, even of becoming an obstacle in the path of a wider spirit of humanity? These are intellectual considerations, no doubt, which the war spirit has shown itself strong enough to sweep away; but just because men come to realize that they have been affected by feeling, by "patriotism," they

are vulnerable to the attack of these questions when they return, as they inevitably do.

Prior to the war, M. Gustave Hervé, speaking as he thought for French socialism, said:

"We are anti-patriot internationalists, and have in no degree a love for the mother country. Hence we do not know what national honor is. The political superiority of the French Government over the German is so slight . . . that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we are French or German. We have thus decided to answer an order of mobilization by a general strike, of reservists at first, and then finally by insurrection. As for the defense of our mother country, we will give neither one drop of blood nor one square centimeter of our skin."*

We take it as greatly to the honor of M. Hervé and of French socialism generally that this view of things was promptly discarded at the call of war. But the practical repudiation has not yet been followed by the repudiation of the principle. And while such views have not gathered so vigorous a following in America it is not so clear as it might be that we have a substantial answer to them. Some years prior to the war, Mr. H. G. Wells made a rapid tour of this country, publishing his impressions in a volume called "The Future in America." One of his striking comments was that as a people we are "State-blind." As a matter of fact our political upbringing has done much to make us so.

We are, in the first place, *individualists by conviction.* We regard the State as an agency existing

*Quoted by Sir Martin Conway. "The Crowd in Peace and in War."

not for its own sake, but to serve us. It derives all its powers from the consent of the governed. It is there, like other agencies, to do certain specific things because we want them done: it has no intrinsic rights of its own, not to speak of divine right.

And in the second place, we have a feeling that "*the State governs best that governs least.*" We do not want to be reminded of the State at every turn by omnipresent officers, soldiers, ceremonies. We want to treat it like a good digestion,—and forget it.

On the whole we are in a state of mind such that if any one says to us that a workman in one country has more in common with a workman in another country than he has with his own employer merely as fellow-citizen of the State, we are quite prepared to believe it. After all, what have we in common, merely as fellow-citizens? Various respectable social theories are afloat among us, and not a little influential, to the effect that the economic tie, the community of interest represented by the common craft or industry or profession, is the fundamental social cohesive; and that the political bond is quite secondary, having only a relative, changing, and perhaps vanishing importance.

If I say, then, that our patriotism, fervent as it is, is yet essentially impulsive and a degree sentimental, I believe I speak sober truth. We are profoundly loyal to something; but we very dimly understand

what we are loyal to, and are perhaps more than a little dubious about it in the bottom of our hearts. Mr. Wells was not far wrong in saying that we are State-blind.

In a war in which one fights for "the rights of small nations everywhere" (among other objects), this uncertainty about what the State is constitutes a serious weak spot in our moral armor. In more than one sense, "patriotism is not enough"; it needs a justification. It is evident that neither systems of police nor administrative arrangements—if this is all—are worth the loss of a man. The economic common-interest—if this is the chief meaning of political society—can justify no sacrifice but that of money.

But these are not the substance of the State. The economic cement has never yet of itself effected a living social union; it is of a kind that crumbles when it is dry. If it seems to unite men, it is because it is mixed with something else; and it is this of which we should like to catch a glimpse, though like all other great and permanent things it tends to retreat into subconsciousness, and is at a disadvantage for being shown and recognized. Let me make the attempt, nevertheless, to conjure up in a few words what seems to me most tangible in the entity which we call the State.

1. We can readily unravel the entire mass of groupings called society into two fairly distinct

kinds: the private life on one side having its center in the family and branching out into friendly, fraternal, and "social" groupings in the narrower sense; and then the public life, impersonal and enterprising, having its center in the trade or professional activity, in which one is valued for his yield and not primarily for his personal quality. A man's day usually dips into both these spheres and alternates between them; he has his local root, or home, and he has his roving, venturesome, speculative career, and each of these serves the other,—neither one alone can claim to possess the real self of the man.

We should perhaps place the State at once as a part of the public rather than of the private life of a man: and yet the State, which once had a form resembling the family, still has something in common with it. The modern State, at least, cares more about the individual man than does the economic order; its laws and courts aim to provide that no wrong shall be done to him; and its charities that no ultimate misfortune shall deprive him of the plain necessities of living. The State thus encourages the venturesome and experimental side of life by ensuring that the personal interest shall not be wholly lost in it.

If anything is more amazing than the intricacy of the entanglement of every man's life with that of others in a modern community, it is the slight awareness we have of that mesh of mutual depend-

encies: each one simply "attends to his own business." The infinitely complex pattern of matted twigs and grasses at the water's edge is formed by the simple obedience of each strand to the play of the current. But in the case of the human network, this economy of consciousness is possible only because one agency is set apart to *know* the result of the weaving from moment to moment, and to guide it in its effect on the individual strands. What we call laws are no stable principles of nature: they are experimental adjustments made by a mind which has a care both for the value of the whole and for the interest of every dot in the pattern, and with the ceaseless vigilance and continuity of thought of an inventor, follows experiment with experiment forever.

Thus the State, when it is what it should be, acts as a sort of over-parent,—not in spite of our individualism, but because of it. The "rights" which are to be "secured to us" are not mere generalities that are completely provided for by police action in warding off injuries: they are positive interests which can be achieved only by the inventive effort of a thinking agent. The individual does not become strong as the State becomes weak, but the reverse: it is only the strong State that can generate strong individuals.

For the State is not a mere protector of the day's work: it everywhere *raises the level of the day's work.* It does this in part by providing what Bage-

hot called "*a calculable future,*" so that there is no theoretical limit to the duration of the enterprises that can be begun with a fair knowledge of what they can continue to count on,—whether the building of pyramids and cathedrals, the cutting of canals, or the making of railway systems. And it does this still more by securing a *cumulative past,* so that nothing of import to the common life is lost, and each new life owns all that has come to light of scientific lore, of skill, of device, of wit and beauty and insight, and of the personal treasury of the tribe. Without his history man is without his measures, his standards, and his own proper stature; and without the State he is without his history.

2. But granted that the State does these things for its citizens, as things are now, why need they be done by the State? Men have to go through a dismal apprenticeship of external control in order to realize all the conditions of their existence and to value them: every casting must have its case, but once the metal is set, the shell is cracked off and thrown away. Are we not now coming to a maturity of social mind in which the expensive and faulty method of State-control can be discarded for something growing up more directly out of the heart of industry and of society?

The question is searching, and should bring to light a less obvious element in the being and work of the State, *the continuous creation of "society."*

As things are now, every mind of us—by aid of

the morning paper—acts as a small center of contemplation and judgment of all that goes on in the large world of many interests. It seems to us that in that morning survey of the universe the State has no necessary part, except that it is one of the actors on the stage, one among many. Without it we should still have a world, a set of common interests,—and a morning paper. But in Russia today we are not sure of the morning paper; and not the least oppressive element in the chaos that has settled down on that unfortunate people is the *limit of the power of vision,* the fluctuating border of the sphere within which any concrete proposition is true or valid. Russia is the most eloquent answer to political pluralism.

The point is, that without the State there *are no common interests* to be watched, any more than a means of watching them. The most central blunder of the State-blind mentality,—a blunder made easy by the good working of the modern State itself,—is the supposition that common interests exist of themselves, whereas they have both to be devised by deliberate inventive acts and promoted by positive deeds. One of the leading economists of this land, Professor Carver, has named "the existence of unsatisfied wants and the consequent antagonism of interests" as the fundamental social fact. This fact exists in its full perfection among beasts in a jungle with a carcass between them; in the abstract they have a common interest, namely, to divide the car-

cass and limit their appetite that both beasts may survive. But the essential conditions which would make that outcome possible are lacking,—a mind to propose the idea and a will to administer it. This common interest, and all common interests, *must be enacted.* The fundamental social fact is the *enactor;* and that being, in developed societies, is the State.

3. The State so far appears as a servant, but a necessary servant, of the most vital of our practical interests. It creates the world, not alone the world in which we wish to think but also the world in which we wish to act. Having a natural immortality, as we individuals have not, it confers a durability upon our deeds that otherwise they would lack; it cannot make our souls immortal, but it can approach another kind of immortality which to not a few minds has seemed more desirable, an immortality of work, and in rare cases of one's name and memory. To speak within wholly literal bounds, the State lends its longest dimension to the work of every honest worker; and if we cannot say that this work can, by any earthly agency, be made eternal, it may at least be saved from being merely local and passing. Apart from the State, human experience would be a perpetual recurrence of ancient mistakes; with the State, even the errors and failures of men contribute to the total advance, since they make those failures evident to those that follow. What significance and value our individual thoughts and per-

formances have is thus largely conferred on them by their political framework.

It is not too much to say that apart from the State, life is not worth living for such as we have come to be under its guardianship; though the man compelled to live in a State that has corrupted the sources of its own just functioning may be worse off than apart from the State.

4. Creating the common interests, the State creates the conditions that make sacrifice significant.

The highest happiness of man is found in what he can do and give, not in what he can get; and in this sense there is a need for power which is the most honorable thing in us, power for our fellows rather than over them. So deep is this instinct for doing for others, that what to an outsider may seem a sacrifice on the part of parent or friend may to the agent seem the one activity that makes life worth living. Sacrifice, as men call it, is normally an exercise of power, and felt as such; and only when it has this character is it significant and valuable. Whatever makes sacrifice thus powerful gives human life its highest meaning.

It is evident that there are situations when sacrifice is mere folly and waste. "Altruism" has no inherent merit; giving of one's labor and blood to enrich the greedy has no virtue; the subjective crusades of a Don Quixote may claim the laughter, hardly the respect of men. The gift of the silver service by Father Bienvenu to Jean Valjean came

very near being such a foolish sacrifice; it failed of this, and saved the soul tottering in the balance. The deepest problem of social life is that of discriminating between the wise and powerful sacrifice and the sacrifice that is weak and futile. Men are ready to be martyrs in the one case; they are ready for the extreme of self-assertion in the other. This is the dilemma of labor to-day. It is the dilemma of the realists on the battlefield, the Barbusses, the McGills, who see the ruin and the waste and see not that it is *for* anything that gives it the character of human dignity and achievement.

What makes the difference? My answer is: *The reality of the common interest,* in some cases already present, in some cases *to be created by the act of sacrifice itself.* The foolish act of altruism is the act that throws one's life into a chasm, or deprives oneself of a good to appease an infinite hunger which is neither filled by it nor capable of valuing it. The nursing of vipers, the casting of pearls before swine, have become proverbial of the unintelligent self-alienation which is but indirect suicide and the rejection of life. If there is class war, personal war, national war, all sacrifice of one side *for the other,* all non-resistance which merely makes way for the arrogant will, is the folly which becomes equivalent to treason. The significant sacrifice is the creative sacrifice, the sacrifice that wakens the enemy's conscience and rebuilds broken communications. But such sacrifice cannot occur at random; it cannot be

made by any *tour de force* of will without regard to circumstance or setting.

It must be evident whither this argument leads. It is the presence of the State which, for the great mass of us, makes the difference between the sacrific which is folly and the sacrifice which is wisdom. If there were no State, the giving away of my goods to one who demanded them would be an act of flinging crumbs to fill an infinite maw, or of trying to lift the seas with a dipper. It would be the meaningless and wicked form of self-sacrifice unless, indeed, by that act I could create an attachment between myself and the receiver which would mark the beginning of a stable understanding between us, a relation of "polity"; and such a relationship would be an incipient community or State. If there were no State, it would be my duty, as I valued my own happiness, to lose no chance to bring such community to pass; if there were no State, it would be a man's first business to begin one.

Once established, the State provides the moral framework within which acts of sacrifice, all labors and offerings for the common good, may become significant; because every man's share in the growing common good acts as a pledge that he will stand by, at least to understand, if not to respond to, what is done for him. Nothing is radiated off into empty space. There are, or should be, no social chasms which cannot be crossed by the creative impulse of good-will; no feuds, no quarrels, no class wars, which

cannot be wiped out. Democracy, as a principle of State-structure, is the express denial that any such impassable chasms or irreducible clashes of interest, exist.

We are still far from the pure democracy; we are still far from the perfect State. We are still in a world in which those who choose to look passively on the defects, the selfishness of the existing order, can find much to support their contempt. It is still possible to read much that happens—if one enjoys the sense of his own superiority in so reading it—as dupery, the leading of lambs to the slaughter by the crafty of this world. One can see the "leaders" of men as "prodders-from-behind," driving the masses on as cannon-fodder, that their endless greed may be temporarily appeased. If it is a man's ruling passion to be saved from dupery, he may indeed escape; but more than likely he will become the dupe of his own distrust.

It is not the part of a man to live on the difference between himself and the villains he can discover or surmise; it is the part of a man to live on the kernel of soundness and honesty that is at the heart of things, that will outlive all shams and frauds and corruptions, and to give himself to that, as to God. The State we have been talking about exists, but it exists in germ; and that germ is in peril. Better men than we have seen the vision and have bled for it; there is but one way in which the

faith of those who have gone before and the hope of those who come after can be brought to earth. And that way, however perilous, is possible; the beginnings are made; its security lies in the quarter whither the allied armies are driving. It is the thing worth living for, and if need be, worth dying for.

PART II
MORALE OF THE FIGHT ING MAN

CHAPTER X

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SOLDIER

ANY one—and certainly the soldier—might reasonably resent the suggestion that there is something peculiar about his psychology. Soldiers of to-day are not a separate caste with distinct talents and specialized moral development; they are not chosen like gladiators for their native muscle and pugnacity; they are not bred like fighting-cocks for their irritability and gameness. They are plain men, engaged in a special and temporary task; they intend, most of them, to become plain citizens once more when that task is done.

In ancient and in feudal times, it was considered not that the soldier, but that most of the rest of society, was a little peculiar. City life, trade life, farm life, were supposed to sap the warlike temper and produce an unspirited human variety. The former contempt for the merchant was due not only to the idea that he was given over to an unmanly sort of competition, that he liked too well the rule of the civil order whereby everything must be got by wit and nothing by courage, that he too willingly forgot how far the security of that very rule depends on men of another fiber: it was due also, I presume, to sad experience in various attempts to

turn him, in an emergency, into a warrior. For in the earlier stages of the division of labor, a very real division of mental quality took place with it, and these mental grooves between occupational groups tended to deepen. Agricultural populations became an easy prey to the wilder tribes about them; wealthy cities had to buy their protection from sounder-spirited professional fighters. Even to-day, the phrase "a nation of shop-keepers" has just enough sting in it to make the eagle and the lion squirm.

But we have learned how to be specialists without sacrificing too much of what is called "all-around development." Occupation still leaves its heavy mental mark; but the disappearance of hereditary trades, the liberal mingling and cross-classing of men on all lines of interest outside of their work, and the immense growth of new arts of recreation go far to erase it, until seemingly only enough is left of the visible trade-mark of carpenter, teacher, grocer, lawyer, teamster, artist, parson, for the caricaturist—and Sherlock Holmes—to work upon. In free modern States, every man is in essentials a complete man: the soldierly qualities are in him, and can be turned to account when occasion demands. So, from the ranks of labor and trade, from students, clerks, and professional men, we recruit an army that we are ready to set against the most pretentious military machine the world has yet seen assembled. This army contains men of

every variety of taste and temper, who will by no means cease to be themselves because for the time they are soldiers. What is the point, then, in speaking of the psychology of the soldier?

It is this. That a man's mental self cannot be separated from his daily habits, from the environment he lives in, from the kind of difficulties he is coping with, from the plans, ambitions, and ideas he is occupied with. In all these ways, the mind of the soldier is marked off from the mind of the same man in civil life. Soldiering is a life having its own special strains, and its own standards. It not only brings different muscles into action; it tests character in new places. It is a profession in itself: one in which an amateur can indeed win his spurs, but only by dint of such "trying" as he may not have known he was capable of. Indeed, a large part of the demand which this new environment imposes upon the recruit is that he learns what it means to "try," until the slack and sag of an indulgent existence are taken out of him. Further, the army is a world of peculiar structure: the conditions of success and the meaning of success are not the same as elsewhere; consequently it is not always the same men who come to the top. In all these ways, it requires and tends to produce a mentality of its own.

The immediate change of garb and of code of manners is prophetic of the inward transformation which—more or less instinctively—we expect to fol-

low. Society takes a new look at every man when he has stepped into uniform. It knows that he is making a fundamental start once more from the beginning; and that few of his habits or ideas will be unaffected. It has, indeed, learned to avoid the waste involved in assuming that prior talents and training count for nothing; and that all must begin again at zero. But all talents are to undergo a new test and rating on the basis of the special demands of the service. Many a man who has been pegging away at a task not quite suited to him, never gaining headway enough to leap the hurdle just ahead, finds himself now dealing with a technique he can readily master and with a margin. This margin fits him for a step on the ladder; and with responsibility, latent and unsuspected powers of command are brought to the surface. Thus, in the army, many a man is born again. And many another is converted in another sense, by having to face at last the kind of task he has habitually shrunk from, and learning the age-old human lessons of labor and obedience.

There is thus a re-sifting of human material in the army; and the truths men discover about themselves, welcome or unwelcome, leave their lasting marks in consciousness. The occasional reversal of social position that occurs—exploited in various popular war-plays, as if it were a step in the direction of more essential justice—is but an external symptom of this new growth within, which comes alike to nearly every man in the service.

The basic part of this mental change—seldom the most conscious part—is simply what is symbolized by the uniform itself, the new relation which the soldier holds to the rest of society, and which he will feel most quickly in its altered attitude toward him. It is finely sketched by Barrie in a play which represents a father coming with difficulty to recognize that his son has suddenly supplanted him as the head of the family, by virtue of the fact that he is now its defender. As one such father said to me, "I look upon my sons now with a sort of awe, for I know that they have been meeting things which it will never be my lot to meet." The ferment that works more or less subconsciously in every soldier's mind, and brings other changes of personality in its train is this: that society in its hard hour has found in him what it needed. A foundation of *conscious worth or validity* is laid in him, which is distinct in its quality from that of other social successes, more primitive and more inalienable.

I do not say that this sense of import in the soldier's consciousness is always good: it may become a sense of importance and special privilege and be his damnation. It is natural that the distinguishing character of the soldier's psychology should be its distinguishing malady, when it goes wrong, generating the braggart, the libertine, the military loafer, the claim-all, or the swashbuckler.

And I do not say that the new strains of army existence necessarily "show what men really are"

or "give their true measure." Not uncommonly a man knows very well that in becoming a soldier he is leaving behind him his best chances of showing what is in him. The "real man," presumably, is found in the work his talents fit him to do: whereas much that is in men, the army makes no pretence to measure or to use. There is a good deal of unfairness, and even of mental treason to social welfare, in the instinctive assumption that the men who can rough-it with distinguished efficiency, your Crusoes, your admirable Crichtons, real men as they are, are the only real men, while the rest are but shams or parasites.

Yet there is this degree of justice in the case: that war, like every direct encounter with natural obstacles, calls not so much for special talents as for the common denominators of human nature, the qualities which every man is supposed to have because they form the basis of all the rest. The elemental grit, the will to power, must be there at the foundation of character if anything good is to come out of us. Art, poetry, philosophy transform—but do not omit, this essential virility: in music—if it is good music, in wit—if it works, we feel the ultimate tang; we surmise the force that mind could bring to bear against the original challenges of physical nature. Thus the musician or poet who becomes the soldier gives evidence not alone of the vitality of his body but also of the vitality of his art. The pride of the soldier is pride not merely in his fight-

ing powers, but in the integrity of all his work. And society is right, in principle, in citing the vigor of its fighting men as pertinent evidence in disproof of the accusation of decadence: in honoring them it takes a just pride in its own soundness.

I believe, therefore, that the popular feeling for the man in arms is rationally justified; it is no mere matter of "crowd psychology." And this feeling, which like all others has to learn its own due balance by experience, is an integral part of the soldier's basic self-confidence: so far as he fills the character of a soldier, he deserves it,—it belongs to him.

Except when he is mixing with the populace, however, and sensitive to their admiration (or neglect, as the case may be), the soldier's consciousness is little occupied with his social worth or other merits. It is occupied with a highly prosaic round of duties. War is an eruption of extraordinary evil somewhere in the world, and the character of its origin marks all the measures devised to wage it. Long before he reaches the trenches, the soldier has occasion to know that his task is one of exigency and stress. Permanence, abundance, grace, and beauty are not the leading traits of barracks life. The merely artful side of civilian manners disappears as by magic. "The relations between man and man," as Paul Lintier says, "become primitively direct. One's first preoccupation is to make oneself respected." The immediate contest with nature, digging, scrubbing,

cleaning, lugging, fills the hours not given to military formations, increasingly as one approaches the front. Masefield has said that his composite picture of war is that of a man begrimed and mud-sodden, carrying a heavy load. And one wonders whether the psychological variation of the soldier is not really in the direction of the drudge rather than in that of the traditional hero.

In his very spontaneous "Reactions of a Rookie," Mr. Walter Agard offers some rather savage reflections upon a letter from the front in which a college lad wrote as follows:

> "I'm thankful for what this war is doing for me. It has grown hair on my chest, taught me to obey disagreeable orders graciously, and wiped away the damn superficial attitude of college."

Mr. Agard had reached the state of mind in which the civilization he had left behind him was glowing in alluring colors. He could feel little sympathy with a man to whom behavior "essentially commonplace, obvious, and unrefined" could bring a refreshing smack of sincerity and strength. The best things in literature, science, philosophy, he realized, are not superficial matters; they are not "veneer": they are life itself. To be forced to leave them is not a good, but a calamity: to find oneself improving under the change,—bah!—what an ass one must have been before!

It stands to reason that there is nothing intrinsically desirable in crudity and dirt. What the world

has been laboring these thousands of years to secure in the way of life's amenities is certainly better than the "state of nature" left behind,—far better therefore than what the soldier has to return to. It remains true that while the things are better, the people who enjoy them are not necessarily made better by the things: there is always a chance for moral loss or malproportion in the way society treats its advantages. There is no absurdity in the idea that a man who thoroughly appreciates the good things of peace should find in the situation of the soldier something of his character that he had previously missed.

One of the most genuine soldiers it has been my privilege to know, Capt. Norman Hall, now of the Lafayette Flying Squadron, came to Plattsburgh as just such a rookie, after serving for a year or more in the Flanders fighting with "Kitchener's Mob." He wanted to compare the American with the British system of training. At that time the impulse to get back into the trenches was strong upon him; and it was not for any particular bloodthirsty streak in his disposition, nor for any love of trench conditions. Hall, too, was a college man, though I doubt whether he suffered much from the "damn superficial attitude": he knew what civilization was worth. But in that impulse of his to get back, there was, beside other things, a human interest. "Over there," he said, "you see men as they are; something comes out in them that one hardly

finds anywhere else."* Even in these days when war has become so much a matter of engineering and infernal toil, the fancy that it may develop admirable qualities in men is not a myth.

It is, however, a part of the psychology of the soldier that these qualities should be more visible to everybody else than to himself. The words "endurance," "courage," and the rest of the names of the traditional military virtues, do not at once call up to his mind anything of which he is especially conscious. For as a matter of fact a virtue is not something separate from the outer situation: it is simply the habit of meeting that situation well, and it will be the difficulty of the situation that the man will be most conscious of. So to the soldier, the tedium he suffers from time to time seems simply tedium; so pain is pain, and fatigue is fatigue,—bits of dismal experience to be met and lived through as best one may. It does not at once occur to him that the act of living through these things well *is* the "heroism," etc., that sounded so attractive in the auditorium.

Hence if we are to describe the mind of the soldier in terms he is likely to recognize, it would be well to begin—as the realist does—by mentioning the things he has to contend with,—the physical grind and danger, the loss of personal freedom and distinc-

*This is his *De Profundis* from the trenches: "I felt actually happy, for I was witnessing splendid, heroic things. It was an experience which gave one a new and unshakable faith in his fellows." "With Kitchener's Mob," page 167.

tion, the inescapable consciousness of waste and ruin that deepens as time wears on, and withal a certain bleakness in the moral atmosphere, etc. It would be a false and unrecognizable psychology that should ignore these things; it would be an equally false psychology that should end with them, as if the mind were identical with the things it struggles against.

The loss of his personal freedom is something the soldier never entirely ceases to feel, and its mental effects are far-reaching. In many ways, he has to unlearn the initiative of civil life, and to disuse the constant preoccupation of the independent man—the *making of plans* for the morrow, and for the weeks and years ahead. There are few responsible recruits to whom this check to the habit of planning one's actions does not come at first as a relief mingled with bewilderment; it adds, in any case, a certain spice of adventure to existence. But in a free State, responsibility is of the very nature of maturity; and in a democratic army the impulses toward self-management and plan-making will find in a hundred ways new outlets, feeding on such knowledge as the soldier can raffle together. The critical humor, the incessant inquiring, speculating, and discussing on the part of the democratic soldier are due largely to his restless desire to feel himself master of his own destiny. This desire can never be wholly satisfied, even in civil life; and its neces-

sary repression in the army is but the rough side of the soldier's primary virtue of obedience. But meanwhile, anything that can add to his consciousness that the war is his war, and that he is co-responsible for its outcome; anything that can make him more of a mental sharer in its ups and downs, in its geography, history, and aims; anything that can give him a definite province of his own, however limited, for initiative and invention, will both materially aid the morale of the man as a soldier, and keep vigorous a quality invaluable for later civilian life.

One important mental consequence of transferring so much of his will to his commanders is that the thrust of his will is *simplified and concentrated.* In the mere shaping of the day's work, its goings and comings, its prescribed ways of turning around, of getting from one place to another, its times of waking up, eating, going to sleep, the labor of decision is greatly reduced. Having but one purpose to fulfill to the utmost, the whole stream of his interest can be directed to that; and he experiences, perhaps for the first time, the full value of having a mental attitude wholly definite and free from the many weighings, distractions, invitations, of ordinary existence. So far, the soldier is likely to become unified, categorical, direct, decisive, strong. He can deal in yeses and noes, in black and white instead of in half tones. The finality of will that marks the higher command—I am speaking of the

armies in the field—penetrates the entire mentality of the force, and lends to the will of every soldier the power that comes only from the reduction of all issues to one—the defeat of the enemy.

But this moral simplification, it is fair to note, is accompanied by a *physical complication.* For the soldier has everything to do, and the specialization of his civil career is largely undone. There are of course many specialties within the army, in the several branches of the service, in the company, the platoon, and even in the squad. But even so, the soldier must be a versatile animal, must know how to be his own bed-maker, barber, laundryman, and at times his own builder and cook, though billets normally relieve him of various of these functions. The most ancient of all divisions of labor, that between the work of man and woman, is wiped out. The accomplished army engineer is the nearest surviving example of the jack-of-all-trades. In short, the life of the soldier has all the complications of an attempt at self-sufficiency. He must carry in his pack and kit-bag all the essential elements of civilization in portable form. The soldier, by necessity, becomes man generalized.

Men who enter the army with a hearty spirit of ambition, whether from love of adventure or from eagerness to serve and to learn the technique of the new activity, may be hardly at all conscious at first either of the loss of freedom or of the rather crude and primitive conditions of camp life. They come

with the expectation of being ordered about; and they know that some involuntary austerities are in store for them. Whatever is characteristic of army life has its keen interest just on that account. They are usually less aware of the hierarchy of official rank than of a very different hierarchy,—the superiority of the experienced man over the new man. There is, beside this new art of living a portable and all-around existence, an elaborate set of abbreviations and signs, a new language to be learned: and one is less worried by the crudeness of ways and means than by his own greenness in making use of them. Soldierly ambition, in fact, is an almost perfect anesthetic for the minor trials incident to life in camp and field: and those officers who are skilled in securing a strong morale are those that take a high personal pride in the technique of their calling, and communicate it, in encouraging fashion, to their command.

But it lies in the nature of the work of a soldier that not much is said about the ideals and sentiments that sustain his labor. Reticence on such points is, in fact, one of the traditional military ideals. A man is supposed to have sufficient motive power within him, so that all attention can be given to the material business in hand. The moral atmosphere is rarefied; it is *meant to be* rarefied,—and correspondingly bracing. Thus arises one of the profound contrasts that mark the existence of the soldier.

For while his daily life is a sacrifice for an ideal —without which he is simply a man in misfortune; while he is therefore more dependent than any civilian on idealism, if he is to keep his spirit alive; he is more exposed than any other human being to the insistence of the material facts, and so to a sort of disillusion and fatalistic slump. The foreground of his life is apparently hard-headed, realistic, sordid; the feelings and sentiments that were in evidence during the recruiting campaign have retired to the background. He finds himself summoned to "pack up his troubles in the old kit-bag," and if he is wise he does so; but the philosophy of "smile" hardly meets all his requirements: he recognizes it for what it is, less a philosophy than a life-preserver. He is likely to get the impression that his ideals, and the people that talked of them, have somehow gone back on him.

The impression is mistaken. But like every other man who undertakes a man's job, the soldier must go through his own struggle with this contrast between the foreground and the background, and must find a way to keep his background alive within himself. What is necessary is that he should be able to think of himself, with his background, in a way that the foreground does not banish. We shall try to suggest such a way of picturing the case.

It has sometimes aided me to put things into the right perspective to think of the soldier as the man

who lives always at the frontier. The frontier of civilization is not a line that has kept moving westward until it has passed out of existence; civilization is always in contact with its enemies, even with its beginnings. The foundations of the social order are not laid once for all in a remote past: as long as there are spots of disorder and chaos in the world, there are beginnings to be made. And here the soldier is always found.

In times of peace, he is there, where great canals are being dug, or where forest-reserves are being warded, or where mountain roads are being built, or irrigation projects carried out, or where law and order have broken down. His task is to face original chaos and to create the beginnings of social life. And in times of war, he is still doing the same thing: the soldier is the perpetual pioneer.

It is from this angle, I believe, that we can best judge how much the experience of the soldier may have to contribute to the mental equipment of the specialized and civilized man. If, as a pioneer, he takes part in the foundations of the State, he gets an understanding of the efforts of those that have built his society; he joins hands with them, and his mind stretches the gamut from origin to finished product with a new sense of mastery. His imagination becomes adequate and responsible in proportion as he sees what it has cost to make a social order. He ceases to look on the virtues of the historical State-makers as strange, ancient, and inaccessible.

He knows what is involved in building a state, for he himself is now one of the founders.*

The soldier, then, is the man permanently at the frontier. But the character of the soldier only appears when we add the reason for his being there. The reason is simply that the frontier is the place where the residual perils to society are to be found. The essential thing in the character of the soldier thus appears: he is *the man who declines to take shelter from these perils at the cost of anybody else.* This unwillingness to be the protected person, an expression of the one characteristic instinct of manhood, seems to me to be the quality from which all the more particular military virtues are derived.

This state of mind, declining to be sheltered by others, naturally links itself with many another motive,—with whatever love of adventure and whatever "desire for fear" (as Mr. Graham Wallas calls it) there is in a man's make up, with the temper which finds it intolerable that there is anything in the universe of which mankind must be lastingly afraid. It excites all the latent gaming spirit, and

*This same view of the case should give us a means of judging the value of military training in times of peace. It can never be a matter of educational indifference to have an active share in the beginnings of the State. The attempt of a certain small part of civilian society to get "back to nature" during the summer months is evidence that, quite apart from the need for recreation, a psychological need for the pioneering rôle is felt; while the manifest absurdity of turning the entire population of the land to such an existence for any period of time, is evidence that the need in question is imperfectly understood or met. Naturally, having a sham share in pioneering is of no educational worth. Military drill without military labor becomes stale and unprofitable. But some union of the two may fill an educational gap.

that curious artificial instinct which civilization creates for the crude and raw, a symptom of the fact that our advances are not all advance. All these and many another strand of motive might be detected in the psychology of the soldier, which tend to cast a glamor over the rough sides of his experience —at least in retrospect.

But whether or not one takes any organic satisfaction in the difficulties and perils of soldiering for their own sakes—and the time comes when the stoutest gets sick unto death of them—the virtue of the soldier is to go through with them willy nilly on the general principle that if there is anything that has to be stood, he can stand it. He is not going to let the other fellow stand it for him.

There is an act of faith required in this state of mind; because one does not know in advance what he may have to go through. He has to face it in a sort of blanket-clause: he commits himself to "whatever is involved," on the assumption that what man has done man can do again, and probably more. And *loyalty,* which means holding to this commitment when things are at their worst, includes the other traditional soldierly virtues, endurance, severity, courage.

For *endurance* means, There is nothing we can't stand if we have to. *Severity* means, There is nothing we can't do, if we have to, i. e., in the way of the killing deed. And *courage* means, There is nothing we can't face if we have to.

Of courage we shall have more to say in the chapter on fear. But here a few words about severity, of all these qualities least spoken of, and yet not the least necessary, nor the least difficult to acquire. The deed of killing is psychologically repellent to the majority of civilians. There is thought to be a "hunting instinct" in us, but comparatively few, in our day, develop it; and I venture to think that there are few to whom the occasional acts of minor surgery that come under the head of "heroic measures" do not cause a certain moral effort. The soldier has to achieve a disposition to kill, under the control of the knowledge that this deed has become his duty. To many civilians, this necessarily involves a "hardening" of the soldier's fiber; and some dare to use the word "brutalizing." The latter would be fitly dealt with by being required to kill their own meat, or go without. Nothing that is a necessary duty can be intrinsically brutalizing. Neither is "hardening" the word, if by that is meant a loss of sensitiveness. It is usual, I believe, that in soldiers who have seen much fighting—and just on that account—the growth of sternness in the grim work of war goes with a deepening of tenderness toward the people at home. Severity, I think, is the word for the normal effect of this requirement on character, a trait which implies an effort against one's own shrinking, one's misplaced tenderness and pity, as well as against the life of the enemy: it is the noble resolve to accept the disagreeable task,

even the revolting task, if it is something that has to be done by somebody.

There are those who profess to see in the psychology of the soldier, so far as he differs from his usual self, simply atavism, reversion toward the savage type. Primitive men, it seems, killed for the love of it: and in all of us, it is said, there lurks this murderous lust, to which only war gives free outlet. In this day of grace, it is given to few men except the soldier to "see red" in the original and literal sense of the phrase; and the experience, delirious and fearful, leaves its mark no doubt upon his memory, and his character.

But what mark does it leave? The mark of the mind that went into action. In the passion of combat, the man becomes partly mechanized, works to a degree as an automaton, becomes so far insensitive to pain that operations without anesthetics have been performed (I have heard) on soldiers still under the spell of the fighting, without causing severe suffering:* He knows more or less vaguely that he is as it were merely the physical agent of himself,—that thought and deliberation are put away in the intense concentration of the physical

*"Even the wounded refuse to abandon the struggle. As though possessed by devils, they fight on until they fall senseless from loss of blood. A surgeon in a front line post told me that at one moment anesthetics ran out, owing to the impossibility of bringing forward fresh supplies through the bombardment. Arms, even legs, were amputated without a groan, and even afterward the men seemed hardly to have felt the shock."

Despatch from Verdun, May 24, 1916.

action.* It is the *whole mind* that gives the character to any action; and it is some time before the whole of that almost somnambulistic fighting mind can be reassembled. That whole mind has the quality of the man's enduring purposes; and it would be absurd to speak of these as atavistic,—quite as much so to describe in these terms that moment of absorption in the frenzy of battle.

I think it fair to judge that if events call us back at any time in history to the rude work of dealing with public crime, the event shows that there was something meretricious about our prior refinement, something over-protected and self-content. War is the calamity that reminds us that we have come to the details of our paradise too soon; we were taking our ease before we had a full right to it. Thus war belongs to that mysterious side of life called "earning," an apportionment of effort to reward whose quantitative reason always escapes us, a tax which no human utopia-deviser would impose as the price for his enjoyments, and yet which instantly becomes the debt of honor of every man whence the demand is made. And perhaps we must remain capable for all time of the harsh as well as of the mild in our conduct. It is a poor microscope that is not

*"It has often happened in war that some stubbornness in attack or defense has roused the same quality in the opposer, till the honor of the armies seems pledged to the taking or holding of one patch of ground perhaps not vital to the battle. It may be that in war one resolute soul can bind the excited minds of multitudes in a kind of bloody mesmerism; but these strange things are not studied as they should be."
John Masefield, Gallipoli, page 155.

equipped with the coarser as well as with the finer adjustment; for in fineness itself there is an element of restraint and confinement. Without an echo of severity, as of a force held in distant reserve, something of the masculine character seems lacking, whether in war or in peace.

The qualities so far mentioned have been defined in negative terms, because they are the bottom qualities which a man must fall back upon when he is nearing his limit. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the "decliner of shelter" wears a lighter mask. Endurance is covered over by cheerfulness, and cheerfulness in turn by a superficial freedom in "grousing" which implies that there is nothing too serious going on, and so no reason for not saying what comes into one's head. Severity and courage are commonly covered over in the same way—according to taste—by a certain hardness or nonchalence of demeanor and language, which, like the callouses on a much-used hand, are assumed to fit the environment. And just as the assumed cheerfulness loses its value in time, and dies a natural death, so an assumed huskiness, aggressiveness, bravado, or coarseness of manner give way in time to a simpler, quieter, and franker dealing with things as they come.

Perhaps the finest things in the temper of the soldier are these later qualities that only come with experience,—*steadiness, absence of pretense,* and

the firm undemonstrative *readiness* for whatever may happen next. I know of no single name for these qualities, unless it is the word "reality." In it, the psychology of the soldier joins with that of the man everywhere who has learned to worship the god of things as they are. He has made his mental detour, passed through the stage of special character and contrast to the civilian mind, and has returned to his natural self. It is perhaps only a few who complete the circuit; but those who are genuinely "first in war" are ready without another reversal of character to become the "first in peace." War has been their path to wholeness.

In describing "the soul of the soldier," Lieutenant Morize of the first French Military Mission to this country, said, "To my thinking, that means for you two things,—the spirit of sacrifice and the spirit of discipline." The "spirit of sacrifice" may be taken as another name for the qualities we have been discussing. The "spirit of discipline" is a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XI

DISCIPLINE AND DRILL

THE mental unity of an army is no easy incident of being "with one accord in one place." It is a result to be purchased at a great price. To make of a million men an instrument with which a commander can do what he will is a modern miracle, to be understood only by a long history of the art of combining the smaller groups, and of finding the simple operations which can best serve as the units for all the actions of that composite monster, the army. To anyone who witnesses the ease and speed with which a forty-acre field may blossom out into a great camp of shelter tents, and with which this same camp may dissolve again into the forty-acre field, the process may seem a simple one; but it has had to be built up by inches, and by a hundred fittings of one man's act into the act of his neighbor. Yet this is, in fact, one of the simplest of the deeds of a military unit and certainly one least liable to distraction.

When one considers that the invitations to confusion under which the serious business of an army is done are no ordinary disturbances, but such as take deepest hold on human instincts, he begins to

measure the amount of strain which discipline must be able to bear without breaking. A newly acquired habit must be set against the most masterful impulses; and must, at times, be able to take the place of thought and will themselves.

In discipline there are two elements which it is hard for men of American mould to accept. The one is the loss of personal freedom and distinction of which we have spoken. The other is the arbitrary stress that is laid on doing details just so rather than otherwise, when an active and inventive reason suggests many an alternative and perhaps better way. There is no a priori reason why a campaign hat should go with one kind of bodygear and a cap with another. Neither is there any reason why one should turn to the right rather than to the left in passing; but there is every reason for adopting some rule, arbitrarily if necessary, and making it uniform. Hence the pressure of the arbitrary is everywhere in the early stages of army education.

It is not, indeed, nearly so pervasive as one is first tempted to think. Behind the concise dicta of the Infantry Drill Regulations there is a mine of experience in the multitude of wrong ways of doing things; and the best drillmasters make some of this wisdom apparent as they harp on the required methods of execution. But it would seem to me one of the most useful contributions of military training to the general art of living in a democracy if it could ingrain the idea of the necessary consent to some

arbitrary basis of action involved in carrying out every common purpose.

Before any gathering can take place, a meeting-point must be set—if need be by arbitrary decision. Before a race can be run or a game played, the goal posts must be placed, and the placing will require some other faculty than pure reason. I am inclined to think that the finer points of character and principle grow up about some more or less arbitrary self-requirement. If a battalion on being relieved after six mortal days in the trenches marches to its billets at attention, it is giving the last unnecessary touch of perfection to its work, but in a way that means much to morale; for it asserts what every man wants to believe of his deed, "we did it with a margin." Discipline means subjection; but not subjection to officers. It means subjection of the body to the mind; it means the superiority of the human spirit to the last efforts of wind and weather, and the demons of fear, pain, and fatigue. It is the element of Stoicism without which no man can do his living well.

During the opening years of the war, we heard a great deal about the changed conditions of warfare. The technique of the trenches seemed to render all traditional tactics obsolete, and especially to throw close-order drill into relative unimportance. Digging-in, bomb-throwing, sniping, bayonet-practice, etc.—these arts had risen to the first magni-

tude: "On right into line" and even "Squads right" appeared ornamental rather than useful accomplishments.

So it seemed also to the first contingents from the British provinces. And when the Guards regiments of London, the be-plumed and be-buttoned admiration of the London streets, entrained for the front, there was much shrewd comment to the effect that they would shine less gloriously in the rude conditions of trench warfare, less gloriously than the rough-and-ready fighters at their sides.

The prophets were wrong. The Guards continued to shine, and to outshine. The rough-and-readies lacked nothing in spirit, but they suffered frightfully through inaccuracies, through overreaching, through running into their own barrage, through carelessness in details. All of the training camps, in the provinces and elsewhere, changed their minds. Wherever opportunity offered, at the front, at Etaples, at Aldershot, I asked the question and received the same answer. "Whatever you Americans do, give us men who have the elements of discipline, the close-order drill. If they lack in the field work, we can make that good over here; but nothing can make up for weakness in the drill."

What is the explanation? It lies partly in the enormous difficulties of perfect team-work among large numbers of men under any conditions, and partly in the phenomenal capacity of the human mind for careless and inaccurate workmanship, in

which we of America certainly hold a high place.* As in the case of other new lands, we have won a certain level of result easily: we have not had to count the farthings, nor to measure our farms by the square foot. Informality has been one of our ideals; and it has a rare distinction among ideals,—we have achieved it. We have gained a freedom from red tape, a directness of fitting means to ends, a deliverance from the worship of insignia and plumage, which are integral parts of our democracy and which have shown their worth too often to be given up. At the same time, however, a certain slackness has leaked in, a toleration of incompetence, and a forgetting of the value, the meaning, the positive enjoyment of good form.

I say the enjoyment of good form, because I doubt whether there is any human being who does not take pleasure in a maneuver, or any other bit of workmanship, done with skill and accuracy. But the case for discipline does not rest on the enjoyment of the finished result: it rests on its practical value, and on its meaning.

The practical value of discipline is largely a mat-

*As an example, those who have the happy task of instructing cadet officers will appreciate the following set of replies which came to me in an examination in which the men were asked to describe the position of the soldier—naturally not all from one man:

"Heels together and pointing outward, making an angle of 45 degrees;

"Hips in, as nearly as the conformation of the man permits;

"Body placed squarely on the hips;

"Shoulders straight, drawn back, and arched;

"The chin and eyes remain on an axis of 90 degrees from the neck."

ter of psychology. The more intently men learn to observe each others' movements, to listen to the words of command, and to accommodate themselves to the doings of the unit they are with, the more fit they are for team work of any kind, the more they form the habit of *feeling* themselves a unit. The insistent practice of a few unit-operations until they retire into subconsciousness and become mechanical, allows the mind to be free and to think of the total formation. Freeing the mind is the function of all technique: no one who has to think of the individual placing of his fingers can be a pianist. It is a necessity, not a luxury, for a commanding officer to be able to think of his command as a unit, to handle it as a unit,—which can only be the case if it has mentally grown together into unity. Army-making is a process of mental grafting; and this can only be achieved by training attention until each man's mind is rooted into the mind of his neighbors, not by his separate conscious efforts, but by great subconscious blocks of habit.

Quite apart from this is the practical value of doing some one thing to perfection. Some mental habits spread faster than others: a boy who studies mathematics and hates it will gain very few mental virtues that can be used on other things. But a man who can do the manual to the point of taking pride in it has a mental interest in perfection that *will* spread to other things, by degrees. It may take a little pedagogical skill on the part of the officer

to make it spread, an occasional "Do this as you do your 'Right shoulder, arms,' " but it is a permanent resource, a high point in morale to which other points can be levelled up.

It marks, among other things, the high point of *obedience;* for in a body of men at drill the response to the word of command becomes as automatic as the response of the body to the will. All commanders make instinctive use of the attitude of attention for communicating orders and instructions of importance: for this attitude forms the sluiceway down which the disposition of obedience is communicated from the drill-head, so to speak, to the outlying portions of the day's duty. And many a commander has found, in practical experience, that troops getting slightly out of hand for any reason may be restored to control by the call to attention, and the repetition of a few of the well-known formations of close order.

It is sometimes felt that just this element of obedience has something in it contrary to the spirit of free man; that however valuable or necessary it may be for purposes of war-making it is oppressive and damaging to the individual; and that America, for this reason, should always fight shy of the training to arms, which cannot be separated from training to an undue subordination. There is a very simple answer to this scruple from a psychological law of habit, which deserves to be better known.

The law is this: that the habit which is formed

by any act or series of acts depends on the motive of the act more than on the external shape of it.

For instance, a solicitor for some charity comes into my office and asks for a subscription. If I make a subscription, what habit am I forming? Nobody can answer unless he knows why I do it. If I do it because I see everybody else is doing it and I don't want to be out of line, I am forming the habit of social imitation, not of charity. If I do it because I want to impress somebody who happens to be in the office at the time, I am forming the habit of pretense. If I do it to get rid of the solicitor, the habit of evasion. The habit-forming power of any act is determined from inside, not from outside.

For this reason the obedience of a free man, who is a consenting party to the relation of obedience, will never form the same habit as the obedience of a man who acts from fear. It would be impossible to Prussianize America, even with the same system of compulsory service; for the obedience of the American would never have the same inner stamp.* It is as foolish to suppose that universal service would mechanize and subdue the spirits of Americans as

*There is also a difference in methods of discipline, which is well brought out by Major General William A. Pew, in his capital little book on "Making a Soldier":

"We can follow the lead of the old Prussian model, or that of West Point. What I call the old Prussian model was described by Marshal Saxe when he declared that soldiers should be machines animated only by the voice of their commander. There is one drawback to this system. When men are trained into machines, they become subject to the limitations of machines. The West Point method tries to make good where the old Prussian system runs the risk of failure. The cadets are put through a novel type of efficiency calisthenics. Major Koehler in his drills gives any descriptive order

to suppose that voluntary working for wages has that effect. If the war should drag on for a long series of years, there would be a real danger from the slow enfeeblement of the larger powers of personal initiative involved in plan-making, but not from the relation of obedience. As a nation we stand to gain a great deal from the development of alert and careful attention to directions, and exactitude in executing them. In the Special Training Detachments, in which technical training is carried on side by side with military drill, there is a practically unanimous testimony on the part of the technical instructors that the work is improved both in quality and in speed by its association with the military ideal.* The men bring to their carpentry, sheet metal work, lathe-work, electric wiring, etc., the mental atmosphere of attention and "pep."

It goes without saying that if discipline is to have any value for the individual subject to it, the rules, orders, and commands to which he submits his will, must be, on the whole, wise. In the special discipline of drill or technique this question does not arise: the more perfectly one has mastered the unit operations, the fitter he is to carry out any general order which employs them, be that order wise or foolish. But the

that comes into his head. He may say, 'Right hand on hip,' 'Left hand on nose,' or anything else. The cadets have to keep awake. The West Point idea of subordination is not the unintelligent response of a machine, but the loyal support of an active mind, which grasps the purpose of a commander and strives to advance it with force and energy." Pages 51-53.

*Which may be dependent on the presence of a real war to give these drill exercises their value. I do not prejudge this question.

wider discipline of obedience to the general control of army authority is another matter, and its value is more conditional. If men are at odds with the general spirit or management of things; if they chafe under their rules or hate their rulers—whether the fault is in the rules or in the commanders or in themselves, the regime may bring out the worst in them rather than the best. External discipline, held in place by a vista of punishment, develops chiefly the powers of deception and evasion; makes adepts at beating the rules, and turns the times of freedom and furlough into times of kicking over the traces. And this will be to some extent the tendency of every system which pretends to a greater measure of infallibility than it actually possesses, or which assumes a "military" finality of form which it cannot make good in substance.

But in a democratic army these dangers are at a minimum; the absolute theory of command is everywhere subordinated to the human equation; authority has learned that it must be built on confidence and good-will, that the obedience of the spirit is something which commanders have to earn.

I have spoken of the practical value of discipline. I wish to add a few words regarding its meaning.

There is a great contrast between the parade ground and the trenches; and it is sometimes felt that the soldier of the parade ground has vanished when the soldier of the trenches takes his place.

This is very far from being the case. For one of the most genuine needs of the man under harsh, racking, destable conditions is for what I will call a "*self of reference*,"—that is, a state of mind which he can remember as being normal, even though he cannot attain it. We live more than we realize upon what we can hark back to: we forget our mathematical proofs, but we remember the self that knew them; we slip away from our best insights, but we remember and respect the self that had them. The soldier in mortal difficulty will have no more valuable asset than the memory of his own parade-ground self, as the being who foresaw just these perils, but in the large only, and so in a sounder and more normal proportion.

But this self of reference does not come into being of itself: it has to be built. It is rather misleading to speak of the parade-ground self, or any other feature of discipline, as *having* a meaning. Like other elements of ceremony, they have only the meaning that is put into them. An act of formal courtesy, a handshake, a bow, may mean anything or nothing; likewise, a military salute. But all such formalities are capable of being taken as *symbols;* and it is worth while to consider them in that light.

It is notable that the life of the soldier, a constant tussle with the most literal of literal facts, should be so full of symbols, many of them relics of ancient usages. The "present arms" and "parade rest," the position of "attention," the uniform itself, the

insignia, the flag, the bugle calls, all the curious distinctive elements of military language, parade, and review, are like so many signs manual of the most ancient of all fraternities, one more conservative of its rites, sentiments, and customs than the law. This fact is of itself a powerful evidence of the psychological value of these symbols.

The history of an observance does not determine its present meaning: though it may add to the interest of the hand salute to regard it as a relic of the practice of lifting the visor to an honored knight in the days of tourney. The meaning of a salutation must grow out of present conditions; the salute should mean a sign of respect to the will of a nation, embodied in an individual figure. If to any man it means a sign of subordination to a person, it can only be because he had so interpreted it himself. The salute should be understood as a recognition of the tie between the individual giving the salute and the organism of the army, whatever that may mean for him. And if such meaning is once made clear, the repetition of the symbol—for the most part without any explicit thought of its meaning—will still tend to solidify in subconsciousness the sentiment it signifies.

Few human traditions are richer in fine symbols than the army. There are few ceremonies so adequate as that act of reverence in which officers and men together salute the flag at "retreat." And there are few notes of music that can convey so

much as the bugle-song of "taps" at the close of a soldier's day, or of a soldier's life.

Such elements of discipline are at the same time elements of art, and follow the laws of art. They may be perfunctory and vapid: they may be capitalized, enriched by daily deposit. An officer can do much to fill or empty a given bit of ceremony for his men. A man may fill or empty it for himself. But whatever is put into such forms will be returned with interest. They become stabilizers, ways of escape from the ups and downs of feeling, ways of tacit access to the elusive background of meaning and to the "self of reference" therewith. It is fair to say that for one's own sake it is impossible to do one's formalities too well.

CHAPTER XII

PRESTIGE: THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COMMAND

IF THERE is a psychological transformation when a man puts on the uniform, there is another, not less profound, when he gets his first chevrons and gives his first command. Sometimes I think that the critical moment in a soldier's career is the moment when he first acts as corporal of his squad. Those who say that it is hard for an American to take orders may not realize that it is equally hard for the average American to give them. The art of command is an art by itself.

The reasons for this difficulty are various. The main one, I believe, is this: that while the experienced commander forgets his own special personality, and uses quite naturally the voice and authority of the organization, the raw commander is conscious of his individual self, and consequently realizes that the words falling out of his mouth have hardly the weight that should make men obey them. The relation of command and obedience is not a relation between two individuals: a third and invisible party to the situation is always present—the authority of the State and army—and unless this third member is at home in the group, the business of commanding will be a little forced and thin.

There are other reasons which apply more especially to the American, trained in a tradition of equality which makes him instinctively feel the position of commander as a peculiarly exposed position. Dignity and assertiveness are perhaps not his strong leads. He knows he has to face, not so much the surly criticism as the more searching humor of his men; he has still to learn his individual variation on the one word which must never, in the army, be pronounced as it is spelled: "March." He needs the manner which only experience can justify, the manner of confidence, authority, prestige.

The embarrassment of assuming command is, in fact, but the counterpart of the embarrassment of obedience: both are due to a false idea of individualism which forgets the third party in the situation. But there is no doubt a natural psychological difficulty in beginning the rôle of commander (to all but the unduly rich in self-assurance, who never make good officers), a difficulty which gives rise to something like a superstition about the "born leaders." A theory of "prestige" springs up as of an innate quality akin to genius, which, once for all, some men have and other men are hopelessly without.

The legends of Napoleon have done much to enforce the idea that there is something uncanny about leadership, as if the awe which great leaders unquestionably evoke were due to something more

than the greatness conferred upon them by men's inveterate need to idealize and admire.

Major Eltinge regards prestige in this way as a unique quality, and surrounds it with a certain air of mystery. "Prestige," he says, "causes the acceptance of an idea without discussion or controversy . . . the suggestion is received from the outset, and appears most logical and true in the eyes of all. Orders given under these conditions partake of a peculiar force; and it may be said that the best obeyed commanders are neither the best instructed, the most intelligent, the most paternal, nor the most severe, but are those that have innate or acquired prestige."

Where does this leave us? Rather helpless in cultivating this quality, which we are told "must be the dominating quality in a leader of men." There can be no doubt, I think, that some men are endowed more highly than others with the disposition to "boss" others, and with the natural bearing of command. Many begin the practice in the cradle, and have to have some of the disposition extracted. But I believe no normal human being is without it; and that the germs of it are capable of analysis, and so of development. Let me mention what seem to me the chief ingredients of prestige.

1. *Concentration of purpose.* Respect involuntarily goes to the man who respects his own work, especially if he is so much absorbed in it as to for-

get his own private self and convenience at the demand of the job. Men take subconscious note of what their officers prize, and of what these officers ignore. They are never deceived about what their commander is putting *first* in his scale of importance. They do not expect him always to put their comfort before his own;—though the paternal element which makes for affection will add to prestige if the other elements be present: but they know at once whether he puts his ease above his duty, and they know also whether his duty is a grind to him or a thing he relishes and tries to grow up to. It is only the latter man that can hope for prestige. The foundation stone in the Napoleonic psychology, as I see it, was an absorbing passion for the art of war.

2. *Competence.* A quality which almost always follows from the first, but not always. It implies painstaking forethought so that one is not caught at a loss for information, nor taken by surprise. It is forethought which enables a man to be the source of knowledge to those about him; and one can hardly have prestige who leans habitually on others for his facts. It is forethought again which lays the foundation for prompt decision and resolute action; and one can hardly have prestige who falters and vacillates, and therefore fails.

Failure does not destroy prestige, when it is plainly not due to incompetence: the retreat of 1914 left many a leader on the side of France and England stronger with his men than before—Joffre and

Foch among them.* But a few simple successes due to plain forethought will create the tradition of success which is half the battle of prestige.

One need hardly assume in the personality of great commanders any other native trait than that of surpassing competence, with the acquired ability to think as quickly and firmly in public as in solitude, and in emergency as in leisure.

3. *Honesty* and *generosity.* The man who cares so much for prestige that he will not admit a mistake is sure to lose it. No man becomes strong with his followers by belittling their insight in order to fortify the contrast between them and himself: the great leader is one who makes his associates great, and gives them rather more than due credit for any wisdom they possess. It is safe to say that no one can acquire prestige who worries about it, and more particularly if he tries to build it on 'bluff.'

One bit of bluff is perhaps allowable, namely, that of keeping out of sight any disturbance you may feel in an emergency. But even here, the best way to get rid of excitement, oftentimes, is to blow it off rather than bottle it up. For when you try to surpress it

*Stephane Lauzanne explains the victory of the Marne partly by generalship, and partly by the morale of the troops, "armies which without exception had kept intact their fighting spirit, that is, their faith in themselves, in their leaders, in the destiny of their country, in the beauty of the cause for which they fought.

"I remember asking many of the officers attached to the forces which after the battle of Charleroi retreated under a broiling sun along roads burning with heat through a suffocating dust, how they felt at that disheartening time. 'We did not know where we were going nor what we were doing, but we did know one thing,—that we would beat them.'"

you show to yourself a sort of fear of your own emotion.

It is also a concession to human nature to transfer an officer from the command in which he has made his maiden mistakes to one in which he can act with the advantage of the unknown, receiving the benefit of all doubts. But here again, a man of genuine candor and strength of character has no need of this artifice. The surest basis for prestige is the assumption that one is certain to be known, sooner or later, for what one is.

4. *Dignity and symbolism of behavior.* There is no doubt that much of the quality of prestige lies in the manner, the decision of gesture, the unflinching expectation of being obeyed. It is also true that these qualities cannot be laid on by mere dint of will. It is they, perhaps, which chiefly give rise to the superstition regarding prestige. But it is they which naturally follow, as the outward expression of the qualities above mentioned.

Dignity comes from seeing things in their right proportion. It has no opposition to fun and comradeship with the men. In the etiquette of all armies, some barriers are placed which prevent undue familiarity of officers with men; but there are no barriers to an open human relationship, and to humor. The test of dignity is not stiffness or haughtiness, but elasticity,—the power of making a quick transition from fun to business, and of carrying your men with you.

But dignity of behavior is not enough without the second quality above mentioned,—*symbolism.* This implies first of all, that the officer's words and gestures should not alone tell what is to be done, but *suggest also the spirit of doing it.* If you expect commands to be executed with snap and vigor, this quality must precede, in the tone and attitude with which you give the command. And symbolism implies, besides this, that the action of a man is an index to his habitual thinking. Gestures express the subconscious parts of the mind; they reveal what words cannot, the mental region in which a man lives. If he is seeing the horizons of his own office, and is filled with the meaning and issues of the campaign, these things will make themselves felt, involuntarily, in his manner. The symbolism which in the ritual of the army is concentrated in the occasional ceremonies will be constantly present in his actions; without any effort on his part, his carriage will be itself a ceremony, individual and natural.

In choosing its officers for their personal qualifications, the army does not leave them to work out the problem of command unaided: it supplies them with some nest-egg of original capital in the way of the dignity and symbolism that enter into prestige. By the insignia of rank, by making them the channel of information to the men, by supplying them with special knowledge about situations and plans, by backing their native authority with the whole weight of its will, its punishments and re-

wards, it does all that an external power could do to mount and equip the officer's own power.

The army creates the office; it cannot create the man. Prestige can only result when the trappings and powers of office fit the man like a natural garment because he has grown into them. The officer who falls back on his office, has frequently to invoke its authority and punishments, is not on the way to prestige: for this can come only when he is *transparent,* so to speak, to the office, feeling no distinction between it and himself, and so suggesting none. Then, he gives an order without the shadow of suggestion that it might be disobeyed: and his absolute expectation of obedience becomes a powerful factor in bringing about the reality.

In reaching this state of mind in which authoritativeness has become second nature, there is no substitute for *experience.* It is natural that in a thousand matters of judgment, of how much and how little to require, only the seasoned officer can have the true intuition which gives simplicity and certainty in command. The beginner will at times be too severe for fear of being too lenient, and at others too lenient for fear of being too severe. It is in human nature I will not say to stand, but to prefer, being held to rigorous standards,—but only on one condition: that beneath the iron will there is known to be a complete knowledge and consideration of the limits of the human organism. As long as obedience

is an act of confidence which commits vital interests into the hands of officers, command must be an act of thorough responsibility; and a large, though unscheduled, part of the life of an army consists in the gradual education of the officers by the privates, through their spontaneous reactions. Hence there is not, and there ought not to be, prestige apart from experience, none like that of the man who has been tested and has made good, who knows his instrument, and is fortified against miscalculation.

In his account of experiences as a dragoon at the beginning of the war, Christian Mallett tells of a speech by General Foch to the officers of his unit:

"Listening to the General was like experiencing a species of shock. He hammered out his words and scanned his phrases in a manner which made us feel ill at ease. His speech was a flagellation, and we felt a sort of moral *abaissement* as a result of it. His look seized us and held us.

"First he spoke to us of our mission, of the utility of training the men in view of the coming fatigues:

" 'Train their arms, train their legs, train their muscles, train their backs. You possess fine qualities: draw on them from the soles of your feet if necessary but get them into your heads. I have no use for people who are said to be animated by good intentions. Good intentions are not enough. I want people who are determined to get there, and who do.'

"There are shreds of his phrases that remain graven upon my memory, curt short phrases, punc-

tuated by a sharp gesture, or by an indescribable look of the eye:

"'If you want to overturn that wall, don't blunt your bayonet point on it; what is necessary is to break it, shatter it, overturn it, stamp on it, and walk over the ruins, for we *are going to walk over ruins.* If we have not done so already . . . (and here he suddenly lowered his voice, and gave it an intonation almost mysterious) it is because we were not ready. We lacked explosives, bombs, grenades, minnewerfers, which we now have. And we are going to strike: for we have a stock such as you cannot even have an idea of. We are going to swamp the enemy, *strike him everywhere at once,*—in his defenses, in his morale,—harass him, madden him, crush him. We will march over nothing but ruins.'

"Then he went off quite naturally, without any theatrical effect. He said just what he had to say, and he did not say a word too many. He saluted us:

"'I hope, gentlemen, to have the honor of seeing you again.'

"A moment later his motor car was carrying him off."

In this account, all the above-mentioned qualities are exemplified, and in addition the quality which is at the basis of all of them, invincible *resolution,* that undismayable, undefeatable determination to win, founded on a grasp of the situation capable of pulling victory out of apparent disaster, that could well come to men of less force as "a species of shock." Such a man through his eye, through his voice, through his gesture, through the substance of what

he says, through an absorption in his work and a belief in his mission,—homely qualities rising to the point of genius—can infuse his own state of mind and will into his men and magnify them.

Mr. Yeats has defined genius as the deliberate choice of living with the major issues of life. The simple and poor of the world live with these major issues,—life and death, fortune and misfortune, dangers and hazards of all sorts,—not by choice but by necessity; and men of genius often prefer to find their associates among them (Mr. Yeats was thinking of Synge at the time) because they find their proper interests there. Whether or not this is true of other kinds of genius, it may be taken as giving a helpful light upon military genius,—for this too might be described as the deliberate preference of living with the major issues. And this is certainly the secret of prestige, so far as it has a secret: it is, as we said, a kind of transparency of a man to that greater thing, the will of army and nation, which visibly is working through his agency. With this understanding of prestige and of genius, we can readily agree that prestige is a matter of genius. But it is not out of the reach of any officer who has the capacity to desire it, and the moral courage to pay its price.

CHAPTER XIII

MORALE-BUILDING FACTORS

We have spoken of the qualities which constitute morale in officers and men. We have so far said little of the chief enemies of morale which the soldier has to meet, especially of *fear,* because we wish to speak of them more fully by themselves. But before doing this, let me bring together here for summary view, the various factors that help to build morale, several of which have already been incidentally mentioned.

Certain of these factors are *mechanical;* they affect morale automatically without requiring separate attention. Anyone who has watched a group of recruits go through the early stages of training until they are reasonably skilled in the close-order work will have seen that changes are taking place in their mental attitude at the same time. I shall begin with these automatic influences, and first of all, the simple lapse of time.

1. *Time.* The average raw recruit is a bundle of ignorance and corresponding embarrassment if not dismay, regarding the ways of war. Time answers his questions, gives him self-confidence, reassures him regarding the disposition of the world of necessity that surrounds him. He has come with the

ragged strands of broken-off interests badgering his mind: the new business has as yet little if any hold on his fancy. Time reverses the situation: the former interests heal over—unless there is something at home that keeps them sore—and the new interests acquire warmth and actuality of themselves. Time gives back the mental bearings, the new points of reference for mental comings and goings, which were momentarily lost in the days of transition.

2. *Physical condition.* All purposes and habits have a twofold base, physical and mental: and each of these two sides affects the other. The lethargic body has fears and dreads that the sound body is free from. Apathy is largely a compound of subconscious shrinkings from hardship and subconscious fears, which generate an equally subconscious wish that by some lucky accident the brunt of things would fall—anywhere else than on number one. These shrinkings are largely due to physical softness and unfitness.

We have to bear in mind that morale, as a state of readiness to act, requires an alertness and confidence in one's powers of action. "Self-reliance," says an army manual, "is after all a physical quality, as it induces men to dare, because of the consciousness of ability to do." I dare say that there is something more in self-reliance than the physical ability; but certain it is that lazy muscles and sluggish blood and half-good digestion with half-good

sleep are no fit soil for purposes to grow in that promise effort and pain.

Conversely, physical fitness changes the whole mental attitude. Generous willingness to assume the troubles of others as well as one's own is possible only to those who have margins of energy. The primary enemy of morale is not pessimism, it is plain apathy or indifference; and the conditions of camp life, especially with an abundance of athletics in the form of vigorous and aggressive games, boxing, etc., are such that indifference, feebleness of spirit, self-centeredness, without much attention, die a natural death.

3. *Skill.* Ability to do a thing generates a wish to do it. This is true of skill with rifle and bayonet as well as of skill with the instruments of peace: it is as true of tactical and strategic ability as it is of political ability. It has been recognized as one of the dangers of highly trained military establishments in time of peace: the German army having been brought to an almost imperative sense of ability, a huge restless impulse to go to arms pervaded the nation,—that "tramping, drilling foolery at the heart of Europe," as Mr. Wells described it, aching to set itself in motion. There is plenty to offset this wish in the wiser military heads; our own army has never been an irritant toward war. But given the war, the same impulsive quality of conscious skill becomes one of the primary assets of morale.

4. *Authority of the environment.* The spirit of the army will work its way through the skin of the recruit without any effort on the army's part. Men who live much together differ not less widely in opinions, etc., than men who live apart; but in the undiscussed things they acquire insensibly a common outlook. The purposes that are in the air, and are taken more or less for granted, seize upon them. Especially, the presence of officers whom the men have learned to respect, who have the *prestige* we were lately speaking of, gradually makes the whole detachment over into their likeness. Assuming that there are no mental hangings-back which prevent this factor from having its full effect, I should judge this natural self-propagation of the spirit of the group and of its leaders to be the greatest single factor in the making of morale. A training detachment seldom fails to take on the character of its commanding officer to a greater or less degree.

5. *The community.* A part of the environment that cannot be ignored in its morale-making effect is the civil community in which the detachment is located. And nothing has been made clearer, in our short experience at war, than that communities have much to learn in the exercise of this function. An undue indifference on the one side to the welfare and entertainment of the men, and an undue and fussy hero-worship on the other, highly embarrassing to commanding officers, are extremes between which the steering is not easy.

The young women of a community are perhaps chiefly responsible for the *quality* of the self-esteem of enlisted men. It is a fair, and not unanswerable question for each community whether on the whole it is aiding soldierly sobriety of self-judgment, or encouraging the recruit to collect too much in advance upon his undoubted future heroism. The recruit has not ceased to be human because he has become a soldier.

6. *Elimination of friction.* Having mentioned, so far, morale-forming agencies which have their effect without any direct official effort, I come to a point at which deliberate effort can well be directed. Morale is a plant that will grow—to a certain extent—by itself, if hindrances are removed. A little psychological discernment used in discovering points of friction, ignorance, misunderstanding, or avoidable discomfort in the order of living, will do much to remove unnecessary barriers to the growth of fighting spirit. For there are queer paradoxes in human nature, which allow those who have given all without reserve to balk inwardly at trifles, such as food slightly below camp standard, when they regard those minor troubles as unnecessary.

Perhaps there is here a general principle of training, namely, No hardship for hardship's sake. Morale, which includes a good-will to endure whatever the undertaking calls for, cannot be made without hardship; but for training purposes a line should be drawn at the point where the difficulty in question

ceases to be a genuine preparation, and becomes a mere stunt. Thus, for example, night guard duty is a normal part of training. This may involve, later on, standing in ice-water during winter nights; and that is one of the things men will do without a murmur when it is necessary. But it is also one of the things which nobody is better fitted for by practising it; and to require it as a part of training would be an excess of zeal.

The elimination of friction does not mean molly-coddling the army nor softening the work of training: it means the recognition of waste motion, the removal of useless puzzles, and the diminution of hardship which is without disciplinary value.

7. *Appeal to feeling and imagination.* When we reach the positive factors of morale-building, i. e., those in which a direct effort may be employed, we have to tread with some care. It is easy for a positive effort to defeat its own purpose, particularly if it is labeled or recognized as an effort to improve morale. There is always something dismal and pathetic, whether in college athletics or elsewhere, in an effort to arouse a spirit which the very effort declares to be lacking.*

But it is possible at times to appeal directly to

*So, for example, the important work of introducing amusements of various sorts into camp life, if it gives the impression of sugar-coating a pill rather than of meeting a definite demand, will have a reaction not wholly expected. Camps cannot have too much good entertainment in the right place; but the sense that "we" are being good to "you" must be kept out of it. The best entertainments are those in which the men themselves take part; and the best of all is camp music.

the feeling of soldiers in training; and it goes without saying that the fundamental feelings involved in war-making of which we spoke at the outset,* must be enlisted if the morale is to be more than a Platonic affair. These feelings, however, can hardly live without the aid of imagination. An historic opportunity is something that the physical eye wholly fails to perceive; and in a sense, this war, whose origins are so remote from us, and whose operations are so immense, has to be fought on the strength of imagination.

Feeling and imagination are communicated most directly by contagion from those who have it; and this is true not only of the fundamental feelings in the soldier's purpose, but also of those powerful auxiliary feelings, his pride as a soldier and his pride in his unit.

In the early days of the war, when Great Britain was faced with the problem of making an immense and rapid increase in its army, it might have done so by creating many new regiments out of the new material. Instead, it was decided as far as possible to increase the number of battalions in each regiment, in order that the recruits should have about them not alone the traditions of old organizations, but the expectant and requiring spirit of men concerned to maintain their historic standards.

A remark may not be out of order on the unwisdom of dealing too harshly with the vanity and

*Chapter III.

swagger of young soldiers who are on the way to a more decent pride. There are diseases in all childhoods. The soldier has his own dramatic types, chesty, "Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard," wanting you to feel in him the old military dog. It is true, the mild-eyed diffident chap may beat him out as a soldier. But on the whole, bravura is the mere excrescence of a valuable quality, and the least wise thing an officer can do is to humiliate the man who is in the first stages of soldierly self-consciousness.

The soldier's pride is involved in the distinction that has been persistently drawn between the drafted man and the volunteer. Nobody should be permitted to make this contrast unrebuked: it is the whole meaning of the general draft that the distinction shall be obliterated. All drafted men are volunteers, but the volunteering has been done *en bloc* by their representatives in Congress. The nation has volunteered: the draft is a method for organizing the nation at war.

The problem of morale, in its practical form, is very largely that of getting rid of the half-morale that is engendered by the situation of necessary service created by the draft method. The difficulty is the difficulty of all law as it descends upon freemen, "leaving them as free as before"—yet not quite feeling so free. It is necessary to insert a sense of freedom *underneath* the load of necessity; this may be done by flooding the man's own motive

power until he, too, wants the war and the draft; but it can never be done while the fact of the draft seems to him even slightly a derogation from his personal dignity.

8. *The strengthening of belief.* With all that can be done to support and inspire the soldier's feelings, the one durable factor of morale that is open to direct control is the man's thought; and the constant insistence of our argument has been that it is through his thought and belief that his serious feelings are most honorably as well as most effectively approached.

Beneath the superficial soldier, sensitive about his small discomforts, and ready to be amused, there is a thoughtful soldier who, perhaps, seldom comes to expression, but who nevertheless is thinking his long thoughts in his quiet moments, by himself or in company with his bunky. To a large degree, men take their ideas and beliefs on trust, from the crowd, through the gate of emotion. And the soldier is not less amenable to these influences than other men. But on the other hand, to no one is the individual issue so poignant as to the soldier, and his private concern must nourish his private thought. The time comes when he must realize that it is *his* career that is going into the hopper, *his* life, possibly the welfare of *his* family. Social persuasions will not help him then,—nothing but his own convictions.

Morale is at bottom a state of will or purpose: and the first factor in any mature human purpose

is *knowledge,* i. e., knowledge of the thing to be gained by the purpose,—the good to be reached or the evil to be averted, or both. Hence, in any development of military morale the supreme worth of the *aims of the war* must be made the object of particular care.*

Certain elements of morale, the more personal elements relating to the soldier's outlook on religion and moral principle in general, must come from outside the army. It is not the business of the army to take the place of priest, parent, or schoolmaster. If an officer has anything paternal in his temperament—and fortunately most officers have—he will find many an unofficial occasion for acting in all these capacities toward individual men. Non-coms, especially top sergeants, who have the advantage of mingling much with the members of the company, have many an opportunity for a friendly word; but if the captain is of the right sort, he can without loss of military dignity bring much of the quality of the family into his entire command; the French are

*It is better to take this motive for granted than to tamper with it and belabor it ineffectively, argumentatively, or oratorically. The inspiring speech always has its function; but for the longer thoughts of the soldier in training, nothing but sober truth in the form of information and reflection will give him the grist he needs. Nothing could be more powerful as a morale-making agency than the action of a nation which should, as it were, lay its cards on the table before its soldiers in training, and say, "These are the data upon which our decision is based; this is the history of the case; these are the principles involved. Judge for yourself." I dare say it is unprecedented in the history of warfare that the United States in the summer of 1918 inaugurated just this undertaking in a large number of its training detachments.

especially gifted in this way. But these are matters of personality; and it relieves the army for single-minded attention to its proper work to have outside agencies in co-operation with it,—provided these agencies do not become too numerous and distracting. The church in some form, preferably in its own representatives than in its numerous offshoots, should be always accessible. For in the long run a man must fight on the strength of his religion; his beliefs about things above the human level permeate all those human and social beliefs which directly concern the war.

Belief in the validity of the cause, belief in the method of procedure—i. e., that *war* is called for, belief in the possibility (not the ease) of success, belief in the army and its management. These are the chief building-stones for lasting morale,—and whatever the army can do to strengthen these beliefs, by direct instruction or otherwise, will add to its resources throughout the war.

In addition to these, each soldier needs a philosophy of life which enables him to adjust himself to the minor and major troubles of his situation and work. These for the most part, he must work out for himself in the school of experience: but he may be aided by whatever of light his personal advisers, religious and other, may give him. And there is also a good chance that the psychologist may be of use to him, especially in dealing with the problem of fear.

CHAPTER XIV

FEAR AND ITS CONTROL

Courage is the traditional kernel of morale and the characteristic quality of the soldier. I doubt, however, whether it is a distinct and separate quality. Given discipline, experience, good condition, pugnacity, and faith, you will not find courage lacking in any body of men. It is hardly distinct from morale in general. The same influences that undermine morale will also undermine courage; namely, indifference, discouragement, and fear. But courage is generally considered as the especial element of character which overcomes fear. And as fear is universal, we shall give some attention to its nature, and to the ways of meeting it.

Many men suffer, during their training days, from a fear of fear. They hope they will not flunk when the time comes; but they are not inwardly sure of it. The fact is, no one knows in advance how he is going to behave in an emergency. But one thing can be said with entire confidence—and this should be of some service to those who fancy that their being afraid will mark them out from their comrades—*everybody fears.*

This is the unanimous testimony of men who have seen enough of war to judge competently, and to

speak with candor. But the biological nature of fear would lead to the same conclusion.

For while there are many things which ordinarily arouse fear, they all have this in common: they are or represent conditions for which man has no organs of instinctive adaptation. Being held under water, or over deep spaces of empty air, causes instinctive shrinking to the creature who has neither gills nor wings. Fire, loud noises (suggesting changes too rapid for our powers of adjustment), and for a time, darkness and solitude, indicate in the same way a world unfit for our native powers.

Fear, in short, may be described as the natural reaction to a radically unfit environment; and there is no better composite example of such an environment than the field of battle. There are innate nervous connections which tend to operate spontaneously, without consulting will and reason, to diminish the steadiness of muscular control, obscure the vision, alter the breathing, and dry the throat. They can be brought under control, but as in most other matters, *after having been experienced,* and by the aid of experience,—not before.

In fact, it is rather what a man thinks than what he physically experiences in battle that arouses fear: man's imagination has always been, since the days of taboo-magic, spooks, and witchcraft, his chief source of apprehension and dread. All animals have life-preservative reactions; but probably it is only man that fears death, for it is only man that knows—

or thinks he knows—enough about death to feel in it the terror of the unfathomed and unknown.

It is within the truth to say that man is naturally the most fear-ful of animals,* partly on account of this reflectiveness and forethought, partly because he is more sensitive to pain, and largely because of his purely aesthetic regard for his own body. In the instinctive shrinking from the impact of bullet or shell-fragment it is less the pain or the finish that one dreads than the idea of mutilation, of the ruthless mixing and tearing of fine-wrought tissues, and of perpetual bondage to the consciousness of a broken frame. There is withal a disinterested hatred of the shame and waste of it—the miserable destruction of this fair and serviceable machine, the body. None of these elements of human fear would trouble the brute.

Fear is, therefore, no discredit to a man: on the contrary it would be rather less than human to be undisturbed at the beginning of one's experience under fire.

But the beginning of the control of fear comes from the same human faculty of self-consciousness; namely, from understanding the psychological nature of fear, and its normal function in the organism. For fear, as a sign that instinctive processes of concealment or flight have been aroused, is a normal reaction to an abnormal situation. It is a

*Du Picq says that "of all animals man is the most cowardly." The idea is right, but the expression is misleading, for reasons given below.

state of transition from a lower to a higher level of activity, having in common with anger the secretion of adrenalin which throws the balance of circulation from the viscera to the large body muscles, increases the quantity of sugar in the blood—the most available of organic fuels, and raises the threshold of fatigue, preparing the body for the long and heavy exertion of flight or fight, as the case may be. In a small way, any one who has gone through the experience of embarrassment in speaking before an audience can recognize this function. Speaking is a matter of vigorous organic activity; and what we call embarrassment indicates the transition—perhaps from the comparative inaction and irresponsibility of sitting, one among many, on a platform, to the state of effort in which alone you must "hold" your audience. As your moment approaches you may find your heart chugging uneasily, your breath impeded, and your mouth dry: and you may say to yourself, "I am embarrassed; this is wholly unreasonable," a bit of introspection which—if it goes no farther—only adds to your confusion. But if your reflection goes a stage farther, and you realize that your body is making dumb efforts to prepare for a new level of action, your self-consciousness may become a help: by rousing yourself to a position of alertness and taking a few deep breaths of your own accord, you can give nature a lift, and make the transition less abrupt. The same is true to some extent of more serious types of fear: one who real-

izes what nature is trying to do for him in its rather bedevilled attempts to supply him with unwonted active-capacity can to a certain extent look on and guide the process.

For there is no doubt that a fearsome body can co-exist with a thoroughly cool and determined head. The old story of General Turenne will bear repeating. Finding himself on one occasion unable to suppress his shaking, he addressed his body thus: "Tremble, body: you would tremble still more if you knew into what I am going to take you." The same observant detachment of mind from body, —just short of the more effective freedom of control—is seen in a tale of our own late unpleasantness in which a subordinate officer ventured to remark to his colonel, "Colonel, you seem frightened," and received the retort, "So I am: and if you were half as frightened as I am, you would be several miles from this spot."*

It is well to know, also, that fear is a matter of degree and is *highly variable*, sometimes unaccountably so. Fatigue, drowsiness, darkness, and surprise, all increase liability to fear. Nearly every

*I imagine that this same sense of detachment and semi-external control of his body is what suggested the idea of being an "actor" to the British officer who wrote these words in a letter:

"An officer out here has to be very brave or a very good actor,—I think 90 per cent are actors. A bad actor is sent home, and a good one is either polished off or earns the reputation of being a 'fearless leader.' I think it is an insult to call a man 'fearless': I would rather be called 'brainless.' . . . However there are times when one can't help feeling that the acting can't go on forever, and I am much more frightened of losing my head than I am of losing my life. Discipline must be the strongest force in the world."

man is subject to transitory conditions of "nerves" in which he will behave as under normal circumstances he would not. The man who when played out will jump at a snap of the finger may go over the top without a tremor when he is fresh.* It is estimated that the general average accuracy of fire in an engagement is 1/50th of the normal accuracy. General de Negrier has said that five out of a hundred keep cool enough to fire as they would on the range: but it must be said that ninety out of a hundred are cool enough to fire in the general direction of the enemy.† And there are few unable to use the bayonet when they have reached that point.

Because of this variability, no one should be counted cowardly on the strength of his behavior in any particular case. It seems to me, indeed, very uncertain whether the noun "coward" has any valid application. There are certainly cowardly actions, but I doubt whether there are any cowards. Fear does not mean cowardice, for every normal human being fears; and every normal human being can control his fear, given sufficient experience, sufficient opportunity to reckon with himself, and withal sufficient interest in what he is doing

The courage required in the present war is of a

*The behavior of Napoleon's right wing in the battle of Wagram shows this variability.

†In this respect, as in others, the American Marines at Chateau Thierry achieved distinction. A participant writing of their rifle fire says: "That men should fire deliberately use their sights, and adjust their range was beyond their experience. It must have had a telling effect on the morale of the Boche."

more deliberate sort than that of previous wars, less supported by dash and the admiring eyes of comrades. "Trench courage," as LeBon says, "is unaccompanied by fame: it consists almost entirely in keeping cool and in giving brain and will free play." The picture of courage is for the most part simply the picture of steadiness, the mental poise which comes from learning what can and what cannot be done in given situations, of ceasing to try to calculate what is incalculable, or to dodge the danger that is past; and from reducing as much as possible to the level of habit.

Much depends on this matter of *habit;* for no mind can keep its balance unless there is a goodly proportion of what it can count on in the midst of what is new and unanticipated from moment to moment. The whole business of training, so far as it bears on fear, consists in increasing the proportion of the known to the unknown in every situation of combat. Beside this, men in the trenches become keen observers of the habits of the enemy, know his mess hours, his methods of shelling, and his hours for strafing different spots: in all this our boys are much aided by the methodical disposition of Fritzy, or were so aided in earlier days. During my visit to the front, I heard that the Germans had begun to learn that their regularity was to our advantage, and had begun methodically to vary their methods. At the best the amount of uncertainty and shifting in warfare is greatly in excess of the amount of

possible habit; the mind has to live much in what may be called the secondary habits—the habits of making changes and adjustments of given kinds, as from firing line to billets, from holding to attack, from extreme idleness to extreme action. Almost we might say, warfare of to-day requires the habit of passing from extreme to extreme. But in any case, a basis of habit is created, and with it the possibility of mentally classing the dangers, taking their measure, and so reducing the scope of fear.

"Familiarity with the same dangers eventually leaves the human animal unmoved. One's nerves no longer quiver; the conscious and constant effort to keep control over one's self is successful in the end. Therein lies the secret of all military courage. Men are not born brave; they become brave. The instinct to be conquered is more or less resistant, that is all.

"Moreover, one must live on the field of battle, just as elsewhere: it is necessary to become accustomed to this new existence no matter how perilous or harsh it may be. And what renders it difficult, more intolerable, is fear, the fear that throttles and paralyzes. It has to be conquered, and finally one does conquer it."*

Instinctively, in this way, the mind builds up its own first line of defense against panic. But beside this, there are various ways of dealing with the unwelcome emotion as it begins to make itself felt, such as every man learns for himself. It may not be out of place to suggest certain of the more natural ways in which an antidote to fear can be found.

*Paul Lintier in "My 75."

THE CONTROL OF FEAR

Fear seldom outlasts the first plunge into combat; it has its chance to grow during the tense time of waiting for the moment of attack. Action is the sufficient antidote for fear in most cases; but for the moments in which there is still a chance to direct one's thoughts, the following natural aids to control may be mentioned:

1. Turning the mind deliberately to something in the region of habit,—i. e., to something in which your control is certain and easy. The self-suggestion of mastery of the situation flows outward from any such center. A triviality of routine is evidently better for this purpose than a thought-demanding enterprise. Hence the instinctive resort to cigarette or pipe; the mechanical review of the equipment, etc.

2. Turning the mind to the troubles of the other man. Fear is an attack of acute self-consciousness, and is accordingly incompatible with self-forgetfulness. Here the habit of unselfishness is a great stand-by. It is a general psychological law that selfishness predisposes to fear; and we may add that all forms of sensuality predispose to selfishness.

3. Turning the mind to what you are going to do to the enemy, rather than to what he is going to do to you. The most complete antidote for fear is pugnacity. Nature has made the organic base of the two emotions the same: both fighting and running

away require large stocks of available energy for intense and prolonged exertion. In the animal world, the question whether to fight or run is sometimes a close one; and there is an obvious advantage in having the two instinctive mechanisms mounted, so to speak, on the same groundwork. A recollection of the sources of indignation that are most vital to the individual soldier may make just the difference between an inward-turned and an outward-turned set of mind, and between hesitation and resolve. General Grant, in the well-known passage of his Memoirs, tells how he was afraid of the enemy until it occurred to him that the enemy was just as much afraid of him.

4. Recollection of first principles. The relative importance of things is distorted by fear, as by other emotions: the possibilities of the present crisis in bringing pain or disfigurement or death loom bigger than the things one is fighting for—which have a way of retreating into the shadow. This is the time for the philosophy of a man's quieter hours; a time for recalling that self of reference we were speaking of, and the symbols of the drill-ground with all that has been put into them of meaning. Plato's definition of courage has not lost its point: he said that courage was a holding to one's knowledge of what is better and what is worse,—i. e., when circumstances favor forgetting. Sentiment distinguishes itself from belief in the moment of trial; and the mind of the man that is furnished with the

belief in the proportions of things set forth in these quiet words of Captain Norman Leslie of the Irish Rifle Brigade will hold its level:

"Try not to worry too much about the war," he wrote in a letter shortly before his death in action. "Units and individuals cannot count. Remember we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read of the decline of the British Empire, and attribute it to us. We live our little lives and die. To some are given chances of proving themselves men, and to others no chance comes."

What is it to "prove one's self a man"? I think it means, to prove one's power to see the greatness of the great purposes of history, as only a man can see them; and to count oneself ennobled by giving himself to them.

Fear is, of course, a sign of incomplete dedication. It is due to the lingering physical hope still to save something of what in principle one has given away. Of the "Spirit of the French Troops" Lieut. Col. Paul Azan says, "The certainty of being hit one day or another is in the mind of each; far from quenching enthusiasm this stimulates it." This spirit is surely the desideratum, whether or not it is within reach of the average human frame: to have made up one's mind to the final sacrifice, and then to fill what time one has with the maximum of effect.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OFFICERS ON THE CONTROL OF FEAR IN THEIR MEN

1. While it is for the soldier to lean against his own self-concern, it is for the officer to take the other direction, and meet more than half way the natural element of self-interest that is in all fear. Every man has a reasonable interest in not being forgotten, or being simply a bit of waste in the great scrap heap of war:* anything that reminds him that he counts, and will not be lost sight of, will reach the right spot. A sign of personal interest will mean much; such a formality as calling the roll will likewise mean much in another way, for it is a sign of the presence there of the State itself, taking strict account of its individual members.

A French officer writes as follows of the morning of the great and costly offensive of April 16, 1917:

"I remember when my battalion was preparing to jump over the parapet. I went through the trenches to see if everybody was ready. I shook hands with many of the soldiers; their officers were among them. I felt everywhere a wave of brotherhood, a feeling of duty, of grim determination. . Part of the officers were killed during the battle. One of them was a young priest, a company commander named Marck. When we were relieved on April 20, those men went across to his grave. Nobody could stop them. They disinterred the corpse and

*These words of a wounded British soldier at Southampton show the persistent feeling that waste is the only intolerable thing:

"It's well thought out, and I think you'll find that all our casualties whatever they may be will be well paid for,—nothing wasted or chucked away. . . . Myself?—You can't make such big omelettes as this without cracking a good many eggs, you know!"

carried it with them wrapped in canvas, though we had a very hard march of ten miles in the mud during the night, pitch dark, and under continual bombardment. Those men wanted to give to the chief they loved a solemn funeral." Thus the individual quality asserts itself and seeks its rights in the midst of the vast impersonality of war.

2. Aid the outward-turning of their minds, by giving them something to do while waiting. Call their attention to the small concrete duties that have become semi-automatic, the order of their equipment, etc., thus reminding them of their "self of reference." If circumstances permit their being allowed to fire, whether or not the firing will do much good, so much the better: whatever suggests doing things to the enemy will aid the turning of bodily preparations down the pugnacity-channel rather than the fear-channel. Fear can better be met by substitution of alternative interests than by directly rebuking it and so recognizing and consolidating it, producing a division within the mind. It is here that "suggestion" has its place: ideas of action and of success can be suggested, ideas of the game side of the operation, rivalry with other units, etc.

3. But fear will never be met by minimizing the occasion: this only drives it to deeper, more private and dangerous recesses. What men have the greatest right to, under the circumstances of battle, is the fullest knowledge of their general situation that can be given them. Their objectives they already

know, probably in minute detail, together with the exact routes of reaching them. But they also are concerned to have full knowledge of what is against them, of what suport and reserve is behind them, —and if possible of the strength and disposition of the artillery.

It is not incompatible with the suggestion of success to prepare the men with the greatest candor for all contingencies, forestalling in this way the possibility of surprise, the greatest breeder of panic. An officer who has once concealed the worst facts of the situation from his command, can hardly hope for their full confidence,—an indispensable element in any power he may have over their fears.

4. Be alert for the beginnings of agitation, hurry or confusion; slow the men down, suspend firing, or otherwise give them a chance to recover control. If you have to deal with an infectious bit of fear, avoid violent methods except as a last resort. Do not, however, use threat or bluster as a substitute for action; mean everything you say. Only remember that extremes, before extremes are necessary, are a confession of your own alarm, and make the case worse. Caesar's way of rallying a broken column may still have an application. Finding the standard bearer, he said, "Friend, you are mistaken: it is in *this* direction you mean to run."

5. Many men fear through a false conception of the nature of heroism. They are likely to think that it consists in an imprudent and irregular "contempt

of danger"; and this feeling is enhanced by the general approval of occasional brilliant and foolhardy escapades. There is a real dilemma here for the officer; and I see no complete solution of it,—for what the dare-devils do is often immensely worth doing. But the men must learn that steady teamwork and strict adherence to orders are the basis of the courage that counts; and that a dead soldier is seldom of further use to the present emergency.

The same applies, of course, to the officer's own action. The most powerful means, to-day as always, of steadying a wavering line at a critical moment is the instant readiness of officers to act in "contempt of danger"; but the example of self-exposure will be powerful just in proportion as it has been kept in reserve, and so bears the meaning of a deliberate rather than an impulsive or flurried act. Even in the heat of battle, that command of the head which can instantly bend every means accurately to the end, and in the most lavish spending still conserve,—that presence of the *mind*, is the one supreme source of stability and control.

CHAPTER XV

WAR AND WOMEN

THE seasoned soldier is apt to regard with some impatience the various signs of public concern about the morals of men in service. The main reason for this impatience we can readily understand. It is not a simple case of the annoyance which any external solicitude for the personal consciences of mature men is bound to excite. It is a feeling that such solicitude at such a moment is out of order and out of perspective. When everything depends upon speed, concentration, and the good-will on all hands to suppress distracting side-issues, the questionings of the personal moralist might well seem strangely ill-timed.

There are other reasons less elementary and less general. There are many who feel that in war all values are somewhat altered; that the moral balance of the men is bound to undergo a temporary change for the work in hand; that we must be prepared to accept a certain amount of crudity and error as a part of the cost of war in exactly the same spirit as that in which Lincoln accepted the rampant profiteering of his day as a part of the cost of the Civil War. And there are some who believe that our nominal standards of social conduct are over-refined

if not actually dishonest; that soldiering promises to bring a franker and freer and sounder temper into our bourgeois existence; that the burden of proof, at any rate, rests rather upon the civilian than upon the military ideal, wherever they prove to differ.

But among the many things which make this war unusual, one of the most conspicious is the fact that, while men have never been put to such intense and long-continued strain, there has never been such organized and minute study of the soldier's needs. It is a part of the great and critical game of efficiency that every leak should be examined and understood. There is no disposition to accept as a necessary evil anything that has a bearing on the health or morale of the men. And while morality, in the narrower sense, is far from identical with morale, it distinctly bears on it—as, for example, in the connection between sensuality and fear of which we were speaking. The old-fashioned army officer who played the double rôle of regarding the morals of his men as their own private affair, and at the same time of seeing to it that in view of human nature a degree of opportunity for self-indulgence was not lacking, has all but disappeared. Our army commands are becoming studiously paternal in order that no element of success shall be overlooked.

To my mind there is no need for the services either of the censor or of the professional white-

washer in this matter of the soldier's morality. In this day of general willingness to face facts, and ability to judge them sanely, these services are more likely to do harm than good. The cure for the critic is not suppression; and the cure for any incidental evil of army life is not criticism. In each case the need is for accurate knowledge and a wider psychological understanding.

Two facts inseparable from war tend to make the soldier in general and the woman in general unusually interesting to each other. One is that the soldier regards himself, and is regarded, as engaged in protecting women and what women stand for. Women become the symbols for the whole of that amenity of life built up and cherished by the finer sensitivities of the race; the soldier becomes the symbol of its defense. The other is that in the actual business of war men are segregated and women are segregated. The communities at the front, and to a lesser degree the communities at home, are communities of one sex. If it were only a matter of the habitual balance of mental existence, this fact might be expected to develop in each sex a heightened wish for the companionship of the other.

Further, the innumerable subtle filaments that in ordinary conditions carry away the direct consciousness of manhood and womanhood are swept away. In the daily routine of peace, men and women acquire the habit of forgetting that they are men

and women. They are able to deal with one another, not quite impersonally, but unsexually—as buyers and sellers, as employers and employed, as providers of services, as thinkers, choosers, connoisseurs, human beings. Or rather, they are able to keep the continuous current of sex-interest in the position of an inactive spectator, making its own remarks, stimulating or retarding the flow of intercourse, but wholly out of circuit for the main business in hand. This is a late and difficult achievement of civilization, an achievement in equilibrium, a bit of ground won from a masterful instinctive prepossession, won precariously and unequally by different races and members of races, but an achievement upon which obviously the freedom and scope of civilized life directly depend. Hard work, the pursuit of science, concern for justice, and in fact for every end we call "objective," naturally inhibit the sexual motive, and can thrive only as it is inhibited or sublimated. This equilibrium war everywhere destroys.

Turn from general forces to the individual human being caught in the flood of war. Accustomed to live in the future, sometimes far in the future, the plan-making animal finds his plans cut across by war as peremptorily as by death; no longer master of to-morrow, the spirit of chance and adventure enters as foresight disappears. But the adventure in any case is great and radical; in place of those small groups of specialized men with whom one car-

ried on one's thoughtful dealings, one is now sensibly taking part in something vast, something total. One may hate war without limit; in every man there is still a love of the sweeping catastrophic event just because it is immense—as one may gaze at a great fire, not without horror and yet not without delighted wonder. In this new and great world old habits fail to fit; at the roots of the tree of character there works, in spite of all, an unsettling spirit.

The intoxication of war might well be held in check by the tragic meaning of the event if men went to war singly. But the strange comradeship of camp and barracks fans the common and simpler elements of excitement, and sends into swift retirement the sober and reflective self of civil life. Where so many habits must be broken, it is small wonder if the feeling prevails that all rules are off—all the old rules. The life of the soldier has its own rules and ideals; but the tamer virtues stand in a paler light: they are not means to the great ends of war. They lose in the perspective of psychological importance.

If in such radical readjustment the ties of convention are loosened, this is not an unmixed calamity. Unless we are prepared to say that our conventions are all good, such a liquidation of mental fixities should bring with it many salutary liberations. Whatever makes the world consciously kin, breaks down reserve, caste, and crust, and favors the direct

approach and prompt response of one mind to another, leaves humanity its debtor. The spirit of war is experimental, pragmatic, accustomed to large changes, discounting all ordinary impossibilities. The tether of imagination is loosened; and men become fearless—irreverent perhaps, but at least fearless—in dealing with the issues of life and death, and hence with all minor issues. If anything in the world is merely conventional it will fare badly before this temper; and all conventions, however well-founded, may expect a challenge. What of the conventions that surround the family; will they be held immune?

Though I put the question as one of the psychology of the soldier, it becomes part of his problem that women are not unaffected by the same unrest. If the men are more released and venturesome, the women are more at a loss without their usual helpers. Their fireside is no longer the place of safety and reassurance. In the small towns of Europe one sees the simple expression of this change. Moved by a mixture of enthusiasm, gratitude, bewilderment, and fear, the women are drawn out into the companionship of the market and the street, where the news, the passing excitements, the spirit of the tribe, the physical presence of the bearers of power, provide the needed mental sustainment. It is as if in times of war the god of common life had withdrawn from the family hearth and had taken up his residence in the places of public

concourse. The general interest grows at the expense of the particular; and as in ancient days, a certain promiscuity of feeling, a community of goods and destinies, breaks down ordinary barriers. Some of the same psychological forces that make patriotism and religion prominent, and result in the merging of interests and services in the tide of common devotion, threaten for the moment the finer sense of propriety and distinction in the minds of the keepers of distinction, the women.

One who cannot understand and sympathize with these general tendencies is so far untouched by the psychological mood of war. And given these tendencies, we have to expect as a matter of statistics that there will be laxity in relations of sex. When the stream rises, it picks up at first the floatable and unanchored objects along its banks; and we get an impression of disorder and dissolution. Rumor seizes on local troubles and paints them as universal. What we need is some way of gauging the meaning and extent of the situation; we need a judgment of proportion.

It is well to remember that no "general tendency" has all its own way with men. One of the most extraordinary qualities of human nature is its power to recognize when it is being affected by a general tendency, and to institute counteractive measures. At the theater one perceives the oncoming of the emotional onslaught and fortifies

himself; so with the excitement at a great game, or with the beginnings of fear in an emergency. In the same way, every soldier knows more or less clearly that he is subject to the illusions of the unusual, and is to this extent on his guard. Despite all superficial disturbances, a man's conscience is the most persistent and unyielding of his mental ingredients; and every man remains the keeper of his own conscience. When the first chaotic period of readjustment has ended in the making of new habits and a recovery of some mental steadiness, he finds that what he has cared for continues to exist, even if his direct active connection with it is broken. Its laws, so far as they are valid, still bind him, and perhaps the more firmly because what he has cared for is out of his present reach. The soldier who can keep alive his communication with his own family has a powerful stabilizer in the unsettlements of war.

What we should naturally expect, even if nothing were done about it, would be first of all a segregation of the lightly anchored from the firmly anchored members of society; and then a steady clearing of the stream, as both the individual soldier and the army as a whole begin to get their bearings and to learn from experience. Errors at first are not to be taken as a measure of what is to follow. Self-respect is too vital an asset whether in war or in peace not to become in time, and by its own obvious worth, the rule of the great majority.

Naturally, the boys who are over-seas are more likely to feel themselves in a world apart, where moral causality seems to pursue them less relentlessly. In their case, much depends on the tradition of their own particular unit. Men have a startling tendency to yield their opinions to what they believe (whether rightly or not) most of the rest of their group are doing. They have an equally prompt and surprising tendency to control themselves, even to the point of asceticism, if they believe that control is the order of the day with their comrades, *and particularly with their officers.*

There is in London an office where soldiers belonging to one of the expeditionary forces are required to register when they are in the city on leave, and where surgeons in charge explain to them and warn them against the conditions they will meet in the London streets. Between March 1 and July 1, 1917, 34,374 members of this expeditionary force registered here; and of these a certain number took from the office the prophylactic there supplied which would measurably guard them against venereal infection. This number was given to me by the officer in charge as 30,000. From the medical point of view the work of this office is a great success; for among these men the percentage of infection is only about two per cent as compared with over four per cent in the British army.* But the officers in charge

*The rate in the American Expeditionary Force is reported, August, 1918, as less than one per cent.

realized that they had no prophylactic against moral infection, if this is the right name for it. The conditions of the London streets and the tradition of the units concerned, they had at the time no way of contending against.

The German army was in pre-war times more successful than either the French army or the British army in reducing its percentage of veneral disease through scientific prophylaxis. Recruits entering the British army during the years 1900-1908 showed 5 cases of venereal disease per thousand, as against 7.5 cases per thousand among the German recruits. As members of the British army, these same men showed 66 cases per thousand, as against 19.4 cases per thousand in the German army. It is said that since 1914, the British rate has been reduced to 48.3 per thousand; the German rate is unknown to me.

Nothing could show more vividly than these figures the contrast between physical and moral prophylaxis. Hygienically successful as the German methods of dealing with this problem are, it is a fair question whether there is not a direct causal connection between those methods and the coarsening of fiber implied in the incomparable animality of the German armies in the field. The systematic official administering of prophylaxis in our navies and armies is a necessity. Any such administration acknowledges to the men the customariness of the breach of custom involved; the psychological step from this to an appearance of official sanction is a short one.

It is safe to assume that we have no desire to move in the direction of the German temper in this matter, while using or copying German remedies. It is a pertinent question, then, whether the act of dealing in physical immunity does not create an obligation to go a step farther in a positive effort to counteract the impression of sanction.

We have no right to jump to the conclusion that the city of London, or the city of Paris, or any other city could control the situation entirely. For the above-mentioned officer has found by careful inquiry that of the women involved the number of professional prostitutes is smaller than the number of "amateurs," that is to say, of girls who accept no money. The control must come through such measures as our own army in France has already wisely instituted, keeping the boys as far as possible out of the large cities until they have got their balance; and so starting their life abroad with a tradition of the reverse order; and, further, through a careful study of the special needs of the soldier on leave.

The data already mentioned were of men on leave, after a time of severe fighting, not of men going to the front for the first time. The man who has just come from the trenches is in a state of mind which, if not precisely abnormal, has problems of its own The same inhuman strain, which makes "permission" necessarily more frequent in this war than in

preceding wars, makes the release a time of peculiar difficulty. As it was put to me by an American boy in the Canadian army who was enjoying ten days' leave in Paris: "When a man comes out of the trenches, he doesn't care what he does—he doesn't care." All our civil scruples and weighings and haltings look small to him. This is his moment of freedom; and perhaps his one chance to take what joy there is in existence. He is going back again; he has signed away his claim on life. He feels that he has acquired special rights—and here are the opportunities. And beside this, he has been starving, probably not in body, but in spirit; he has been living in barrenness, and he has been starving for the tender and kindly side of life. He has a need for the society of women.

It is worse than useless to go at this problem as a problem of repression. So long as the soldier is a drilling and preparing soldier, repression is in place. If he fails to practise restraint, it is chiefly his captain or his major or his colonel who is responsible. There is no excuse for looseness about drill-camps; our experience on the Mexican border has opened our eyes on this point. At the great camp at Aldershot, I saw a group of men training in gymnastics. Their spirit was as amazing as their form; they had a passion for perfection; ninety out of a hundred of them gave voluntary extra hours after a heavy day's work. Dissipation to these men was an impossibility; and for them the problem

did not exist. But the soldier on leave is without any such immediate ambition for being in condition; and he has, I repeat, a definite need for the society of women.

But the soldier on leave is not much in a mood for the apparatus of introductions and other proprieties which hedge our women about. What he wants is a freer kind of association, a gayer and readier choice, an easier come and go. To put it baldly, to meet his needs, women must be accessible and relatively anonymous, as well as agreeable in the sense of meeting his particular fancy and being ready for a good time. The soldier on leave would prefer not to be burdened with the fact that Miss X is the daughter of So-and-so, living in the city of Boston, Mass., and related to the B's and C's. He wishes to take her as a companion, without other history than naturally finds its way into conversation, and without future obligations. His mind is fatigued with obligations; his relief consists largely in being irresponsible. He is in a frame of mind for what Wiliam James has called a moral holiday. We can sympathize with him; without any such excuse as his, most of us feel the need for an occasional moral holiday.

Such a relationship is neither objectionable nor impossible. For example, a British soldier on leave in Paris "picked up," as he said to me, a little French girl on the Champs Elysées. It was his first visit to Paris. She called a taxi, and took him to

various places which she thought a stranger would care to see. They had dinner together and went to a theater. After it was over she said, "Good night, I must go home now," and left him. I do not know how often this particular poise is to be found; but I believe it is more frequent than the suspicious eye imagines. It has its difficulties; and is obviously beyond the reach of a general policy. But it may serve to point the way to what is possible.

Among the possibilities are the admission of qualified women into service at the canteens both within and outside the war zone. Thousands of English women,—I have heard the number stated at 30,000, and a number of American women are already engaged in this work, which should be extended. What is wanted is the woman who has unlimited good fellowship together with unlimited good sense and poise, a type of woman in which America is peculiarly rich, though the official difficulties of excluding the undesirables, the faddists, and the excitables, are very great. The opening of cafés and tea-houses in the cities is also of use; though it suffers by comparison because of the greater formality which our women feel obliged to assume in the city. The Red Triangle huts in the main centers have a certain number of women helpers; but there is for the most part a palpable pressure of decorum and caution which discourages the gayer give-and-take. In Liverpool, and, I am told, in Leeds, an experiment is being made

which sounds promising. There is a refreshment room with a dancing-floor and music; and into this place any man in uniform may bring any woman he chooses, and the pair may enjoy themselves, at small expense, so long as they remain within liberal bounds of propriety. There the men meet their acquaintances; and there any respectable girl may spend a pleasant evening with a soldier under good auspices and without any intrusive restrictions, while the *déclassées,* whom there is no attempt to exclude, being on the whole less intelligent and attractive, suffer in comparison; and the men gradually tend to drop them in favor of their more scrupulous sisters.

All of these things will increase the percentage of men who retain their orginal principle, by making the cost less severe at the critical moment. But no amount of effort can eliminate the intrinsic difficulty of keeping straight. Times of war are inevitably times when the staying power of a man's scruples is put to the severest test; when there is a rapid slaughter of the morally unprepared and the morally weak; and when the fine and strong come out the finer and stronger for the ordeal. There is nothing in the new situation which makes it either necessary or probable that any man will lose the fight, unless it is that when the numerous moments come in which he asks himself the question, "Why not?" he has no certain answer to give. And this fact in-

dicates where the real remedy and prophylactic must be sought.

A Canadian banker, returning on the same ship with me from Liverpool, told me that he had a son in training who would soon be ready to go to the front. "I am, of course, concerned for his safety," he said, "but I am a hundred times more concerned for his standards. The only thing that I worry over, as I think of him, is the question whether he will come back as sound of spirit as he is now." "What reasons have you given him for keeping straight?" I asked. "No reasons. He knows well enough what is right and what is wrong, just as well as he knows black from white."

I would not wish to be behind this Scotch-Canadian father in my respect for the moral intuitions. But I have no faith that intuition is a sufficient reliance under any circumstances—still less under present circumstances. If an intuition is valid, there are assignable reasons for it; and to have the reasons—together with a proviso that the reasons are never complete—is an important reserve to fall back upon. I should want to add to the arsenal of any boy of mine a few reasons for the standard of conduct I believe in. And it seems to me that every American soldier could, with advantage, be reminded in advance that America has its own standards, which have a reasonable claim upon his particular regard.

For if we, in America, have any achievement in

the field of civilization to be proud of—apart from our great experiment in democracy—it is our attitude towards women. I am making no claim for national righteousness such as might be shown (or more probably disproved) by comparative statistics of disease and crime. I am simply saying that America, the assimilating America, in spite of the struggle of all the traditions in the melting-pot, has a genuine nationality, a state of public mind, reflected in literature and art as well as in law and custom. And without attempting to define more explicitly the American attitude towards women, or to describe the free and comradely and honestly chivalrous relations that have grown out of it here and there, I simply state it as my belief that in this respect we have hit upon something worthy of particular adherence, because its principles are valid everywhere.

There are always two ways of taking differences of temperament and their expression in custom and manners. One may say, "Customs vary, and each mode of life is justified on its own ground: morality is a matter of the folkways, the *mores* which can make anything right." Or he may say, "There is a better and a worse in the case; and our way is better." The latter sounds dogmatic and narrow; it seems to stand for an attitude which would render all possible broadening effects of travel null and void from the start. My own deliberate judgment is that, in this case, it is the truth. If we judge, with

the prevalent social philosophy, that every custom is justified by its existence, we should recommend to our boys to "do in Rome as the Romans do"—or as they appear to do. Already, largely under the influence of European literature and habit, many tendencies in social psychology current among us have been favoring (as immature cosmopolitanism always does) the complete surrender of American peculiarities on this point, as being merely provincial.

If we decline to make this surrender, or if we cannot accept the theory that each custom is justified in its own habitat, we must have our reasons. And there are two reasons in particular which lead me to adhere to the American view.

First: prostitution, even in its kindliest guises, is inconsistent with democracy. It implies stratification, at least among women; and a relegation of one stratum to a lower level by those very men who claim the privilege of moving freely in both levels. A relationship which you are unwilling to acknowledge among your other relationships can accord with the ideas only of those who regard some human beings as so much better than others that the others are only fit to serve them. But no man who supposes himself fighting for democracy can afford to admit into his life any such contradictory principle.

Second: every human relation has its obligations; and there is one obligation which, as I see it, goes

with all human relationships. It is the obligation of treating every human being according to what that being is capable of, not according to what he or she at the moment is. Every man, on this basis, is the guardian of the better self of every person he deals with, including the woman who waives her own claim to such regard. He cannot without damage to himself use her for his pleasure and sign off this general obligation of respect, not to mention the more specific obligations naturally growing out of that relationship.

The thing we have gone out to fight is a form of cynicism—cynicism accepted as a philosophy of life, and with a great army behind it. Cynicism is simply the consistent denial of the two principles we have mentioned: it estimates human nature in material terms and is consequently ready to exploit it without responsibility; it rejects moral democracy in favor of moral privilege and social duplicity. The greatest peril of war, and one of its common tendencies, is that the cynicism of the enemy should subtly infect and conquer the forces brought against him, even while he is being driven from the field.

But we have also to look beyond the war to the unprecedented task in which our fighting men are to join with the rest of us in cutting away from our civilization the cynical elements which have brought this wreck upon it, and in building an honester and better world. For this task no clarity of head and no firmness of resolution can be too great. There is

a practical consideration which has had its part in shaping the American standard, and which will have increasing weight everywhere in the years ahead of us, namely, that the serious work of the world is too pressing to allow responsible men to play with the absorbing entanglements of the irregular games of sex. Only the simple life of the family is compatible with that repose and whole-heartedness of effort which can carry men or nations to the level of achievement henceforth demanded of them. For both men and nations, the line between success and failure, or between greatness and mediocrity, will be close drawn; and the powerful impetus of sex interest must be interpreted so that it will second and magnify the force of the main thrust of life, not oppose or confuse it.

These are some of the reasons which lead me to believe in, and to plead for, the American standard as valid everywhere. There is a certain proportion, I believe a large proportion, of our men that will remain straight under any circumstances. They are deterred from the easier course not by any fear of physical results, nor by regulations, nor by any overt reasons; but simply by an ingrained soundness of feeling, or by a sense of right lying deeper than the human level. And many another man will lose his mooring for a time, recognize the fact, and pull himself together. Those who are swept into the current are men whose standards have only a conventional and superficial footing, or none at all; in

them our civilization has already failed. If we do our part, most of our boys will come back the better for their experience—provided the war does not last too long.

And our part? It is first of all to achieve a better grasp of our own convictions, such as they are; and to weed out from them all that is merely traditional and inert. It is as fatal to condemn what is harmless as to approve what is wrong. Nowhere, perhaps, is the right balance between meaningless rigidity and ruinous *laissez faire* so hard to strike. Hospitality of mind together with firmness of character will alone fit us for meeting the strains of the moment, and save the day for the America of tomorrow.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LONGER STRAINS OF WAR

THE effects of war upon human nature depend very much on its duration. The whole problem of morale, from the military angle, changes with the prolongation of the war. The difficulties of dealing with fear and with the inner frictions of a raw military machine diminish. The difficulties of inciting fresh interest and the unlimited faith that often works military miracles, increase. And for the soldier, the memory of his civil self begins to grow unclear, as the routine parts of the business of war-making settle into second nature, and the more insidious and subconscious parts of the strain of war begin to do their work.

This does not mean that a long war affects all men alike. The constantly recurring question, Does war improve men or deteriorate them? is a question which has no answer. For war itself does neither one thing nor another. Certainly neither war nor any other drastic experience leaves men where it found them. But any exposure of large bodies of men to extraordinary conditions will segregate them into two groups, those who are strengthened by the ordeal and those who are weakened by it. And, as a matter of common sense, the longer the campaign, the larger the probable number in the latter class;

the more need for a certain amount of forethought, and perhaps for a degree of psychological insight to show where the subtler strains are located.

The human being builds habits and unbuilds them more readily than any other animal: there is a wholly unmeasured amount of "come-back" in men who have been thrown out of their normal grooves for a period of years. It is not hard to lose ready use of a foreign language; but it is next to impossible for most people to forget it beyond fairly easy recovery; and the same is true of other acquired abilities. This fact should lighten the reasonable anxiety of many men who feel it as one of the deeper wastes of war that their former skills and powers are irrevocably dropping from them by disuse. And it should also remind us that even a warping strain has less effect than at the time it seems to have.

There are two ways in particular in which these longer strains of war may affect morale, which are sometimes as puzzling as the "going stale" of an athlete in the midst of his training, and quite as worth an effort to understand. The one touches with a sort of psychological blight his pugnacity, or fighting temper; the other his sense of solidarity with his nation.

To speak of the first. One might expect that as the soldier becomes expert in the business of killing, and as that mental difficulty which at first brought out the trait of "severity" disappears into habit, he would go to his fighting with greater relish,

and like Achilles "put might into his rage." If, instead, might somehow leaks out of it, the reason may lie, not in the revulsion that follows all passion, but rather in the subconscious logic of the case.

For while it is a part of the mental achievement of the soldier that he holds his own life at no high value, and that of his enemy at less than nothing, it is a part of his creed as a soldier and a citizen that the lives at home, the lives which directly or indirectly he is defending, have a high value, sometimes one says, a sacred value. It is not easy to keep these two divergent estimates of the value of different human lives from spreading and interfering with one another to some extent. And it stands to reason that the person whose preoccupation day and night is the destruction of the enemy, who rejoices, and ought to rejoice, in the numbers he has accounted for as an Indian in his scalps, in whom the hunting instinct and the game instinct come to lend an aboriginal zest to the work of war (a trait by no means confined to the firing line), and who of necessity becomes all but indifferent to the spectacle of suffering, mutilation and death,—it stands to reason that this person may find his sense of the "sacred value of human life" somewhat dulled. Yet it is this sense upon which the whole fabric of "human rights" is built, which is the parent of our wrath when these rights are violated, and so stands at the basis of every cause worth fighting for. Hence the deepening paradox

in the soldier's position, that there is in the business of fighting a tendency to undermine the lively sense of the things worth fighting for, and therewith his own fighting-spirit.

With time, it is always likely that a certain number will succumb to this trend. Confused by the clash of the principles that fit their divergent selves, they allow the self of the foreground to cancel the self of the ideal background which alone justifies their business, becoming "hardened veterans" in more senses than one, falling back on a dour superiority to all "sentiment," like the old Prussian soldier who said that after twenty-two years of campaigning, he had come to loathe the very sound of such words as justice, loyalty, honor, etc., associated as they were in his mind with the purely pragmatic employment of spurring men to fight. A soldier can work a good deal of this skeptical tough-mindedness into his disposition without ceasing to be very dependable fighting-material,—up to a certain point. It is sufficient to say, however, that the morale that comes of it is, at best, of the Prussian type: it is capable of strong things, but not of the limitless *élan* of those legions of young devotees that went into the slaughter at Mons, at Vimy, at Verdun, at Gallipoli, and whose comparative fighting value is now evident on the fields of France. The mentality which comes of the surrender of the man in the soldier to his foreground is not the soldierly mentality, though it may pose as such: it is the dry rot of soldierdom.

Most of our soldiers carry with them the natural antidote for this disease. Whatever part of the profession of arms may take root in their affection, the carnage itself is kept outside. Few men, whatever their occupation, are wholly hypnotized by their own "business-personalities," and least of all the soldier. Particularly in the fantastic business of war, there are strange psychological eddies and undercurrents; and the mental bents that come out of it are not the obvious ones. Frequently it is the surgeon—whose whole professional activity is governed by the principle of saving life—that becomes callous and wholesale; whereas the soldier, whose practical purpose is wrapped up in the toll of his slaughter, may acquire in his habitual feeling a solemn gentleness like that sometimes attributed to the angel of death.

Morale may also be subtly affected in a long war—and this is the second point of which we were going to speak—by a falling out of touch and out of step between soldiers and civilians, so that the sense of solidarity with one's own nation is gradually weakened.

It has always hitherto been one of the incidents of a long war that the civil and the military mentalities tended to diverge, through the accumulated effects of feeding on a different set of experiences and thoughts. Unless there are counteracting influences, all divisions tend to increase: and while the

soldier is likely to find himself the specialist in action, with insufficient diet of thought and feeling, he is for the same reason likely to think of the rest of the nation, whether civil or official, as the specialists in talking and theorizing, too far away from the facts as he sees them to be trustworthy guides and directors.

In the present war there has so far been very little of the friction and sense of divergence between the two groups. Yet there have been occasional expressions from the civilian side of a more or less wistful sense that some impassable gulf has arisen between the stay-at-homes and those who have plunged into the physical maelstrom.

And there have been occasional observations from the military side of a failure of civilian sympathy. "An army," writes a soldier on leave, "does not live by munitions alone, but also by the fellowship in a moral idea, and that you cannot give." The civilian, the writer felt, is too easily able to relieve his consciousness of the insistent physical torment of war, the suffering of others. He has the proper sentiment toward it all: he can use the right words, even more violent words; but this is what makes the situation most painful. For he cannot fill these words with the meaning they have for the soldier: he cannot know what they mean, and decency would recommend silence. "Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!" Mr. Jacks reports one such soldier as putting it. In my wanderings from war zone to capital

cities and back again, one impression was everywhere repeated and deepened,—how immensely the gamut of human experience in war time is extended, how far apart the extremes are in all sensible particulars, how much is trusted to the vicariousness of our minds;* and because of all this, how dangerously society is organized. A step from a Paris street full of the soldiers of a dozen nations, from a conversation perhaps with a man just now from the front, into some formal tea-room managed it may be by great ladies for the "benefit" of these same soldiers, would sometimes start a doubt whether all our present stock of wisdom and imagination are enough to span these distances, and hold the understandings of the world together.

But it is hardly a misfortune, if different ways of looking at things arise from wide differences of experience: it would be a misfortune if they did not arise. Society can ill afford to lose the pioneer's view of itself, even if it involves the conviction that many things in it, and many people, still need to be shaken up. My own fear is rather that reflections of this sort, among our own soldiers, may not yet have struck deep enough.

The sense of divergence only becomes a menace to morale, in or out of the army, when the soldier mentally gives society up, adopts fatalistic views of human stupidity and selfishness, and decides that the breach of sympathy is hopeless. This kind of

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pessimism can never take root while thoughtful men on each side are as alert as they are to the need of keeping the ways of understanding open, while everything written or spoken by soldiers is eagerly consumed by the public, and while the various civilian agencies accompanying the army, and rapidly becoming skilled in the arts of mental middlemen, continue to serve as an army of interpreters between the two groups of minds. It will be hard to kill the essential sympathy between them, so long as the deeper common sense of the soldier—fully aware that the State he serves is not identical with this or that group of civilians—continues its hopeful comment on his occasional bitter or melancholy reactions.

And after all, this deeper judge and self-critic in the soldier's mind is the essential thing in the whole psychological outcome of war-making. No one can say what effect war, be it short or long, will have on human beings unless he knows the longest thoughts of those beings. It is the slant of the mind that determines what 'effect' any cause shall have. To take a minor instance: there are probably few soldiers at the front who are not familiar with the feeling of being an almost negligible atom in the immense business of war. What 'effect' will such a feeling produce on one's temper? If the soldier happens to be a character of Barbusse, it may be this:

"In all that, you see what we amount to, we who are here . . . so many drops of blood amid the deluge of men and things,"—

a sense of exposure and helplessness, promising to reduce morale sooner or later to the passive variety. If it happens to be another French soldier, this time a real one, the effect may be this:

"With it all comes the consciousness of one's own rôle, which is humble and yet great. For that wall is a wall of steel made of glittering, separate points, —*and I am one of them!*"*

And thus it is with all the other pressures of war upon character: the bent they produce will vary with the ideas upon which they fall, and defeat all obvious prophecies. We have no right even to assert that war will generate in men a "military point of view." To argue that men who have been long schooled in this or that of the ways of war will therefore be enamored of those ways is to leave human nature out of the calculation.

One fine day on top of a London bus a lad sat down beside me, and after a minute or two of silence burst out with the remark, "Gee, but these feel good!" "These," I learned after some vain speculation, were his civilian clothes. "It's the first time I've been in 'em for three years." Then I noticed the bandage where one of his hands should have been, and understood his further words: "I got off lucky, believe me; and I'm going back to America, the first ship." What this lad felt at the mo-

*From "The Lieutenant's Story," Atlantic Monthly, Feb., 1917, p. 280.

ment about his clothes, many another lad will feel about various inner aspects of war-making. The law of habit, as we have found it*, is a spiritual law: it is the ultimate attitude, not the visible practice, that decides what states of mind will come out of the war.

The soldier's life is unsettled: will that produce in him a habit of restlessness and roving? He is accustomed to destroy, not to construct: will that make of him a waster, and put him out of patience with the slow building of production? He is used to sensational and sudden effectiveness: will this impose on him a dramatic or melodramatic mind, make all "piping times of peace" dull to him, and unnerve him for all quiet labor? He is habituated to consuming, living by requisition on goods supplied lavishly (sometimes) by others: will this create in him the temper of dependency?

The soldier has been through-and-through an executive, schooled in sharp decision, braced for grim issues involving the overthrow of an enemy: will he now be unfit for judicial thinking, and will "adjustment" in the give and take of social construction,—will "adjustment" seem to him a vile and loathsome word? He has been drilled in army methods and "system": will he come back believing that all things can be achieved by strategy and analysis, and carried out "by the numbers"? Will he desire to storm education, culture, art, religion itself by "intensive methods"? Or will he come back

*Page 125.